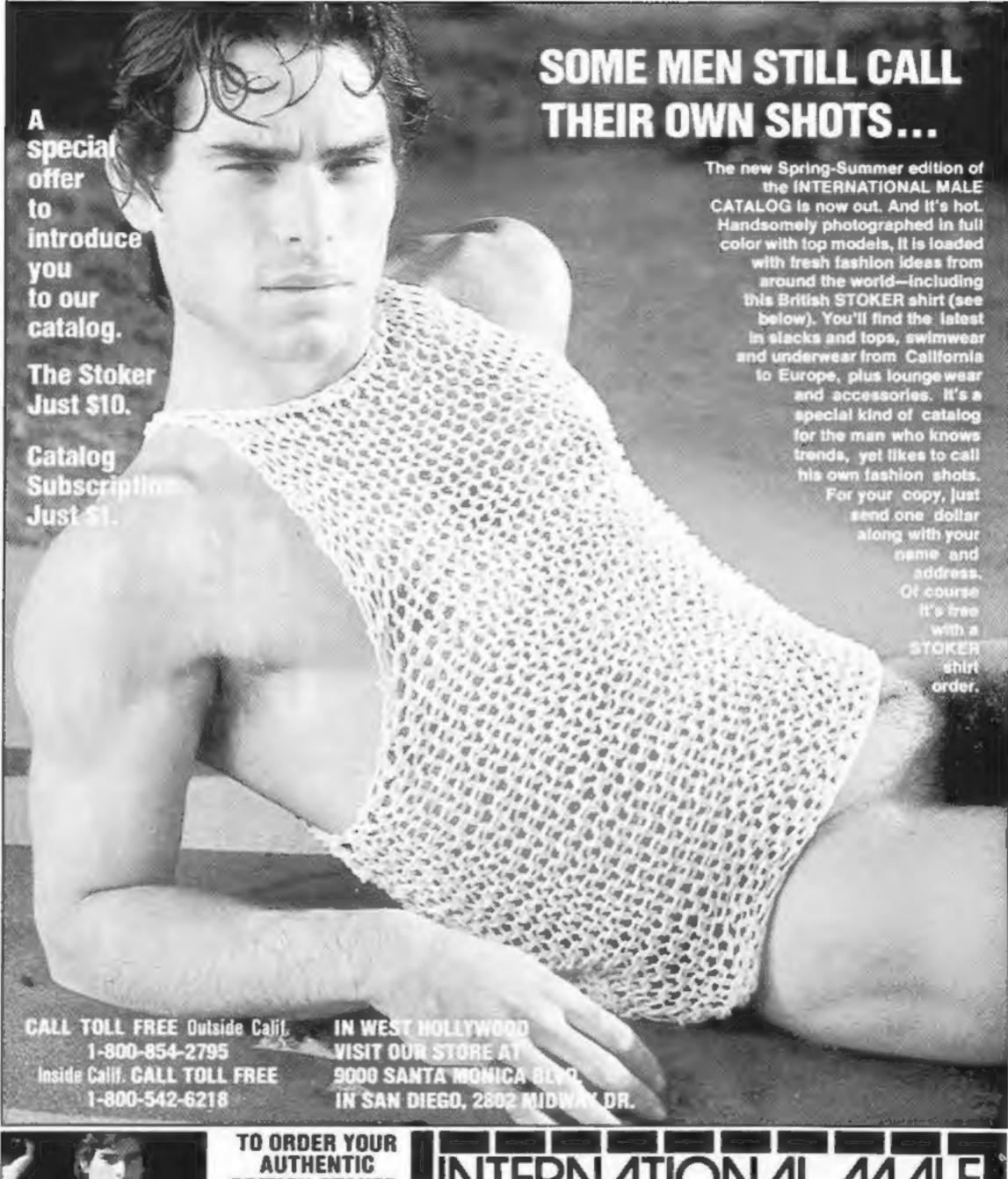
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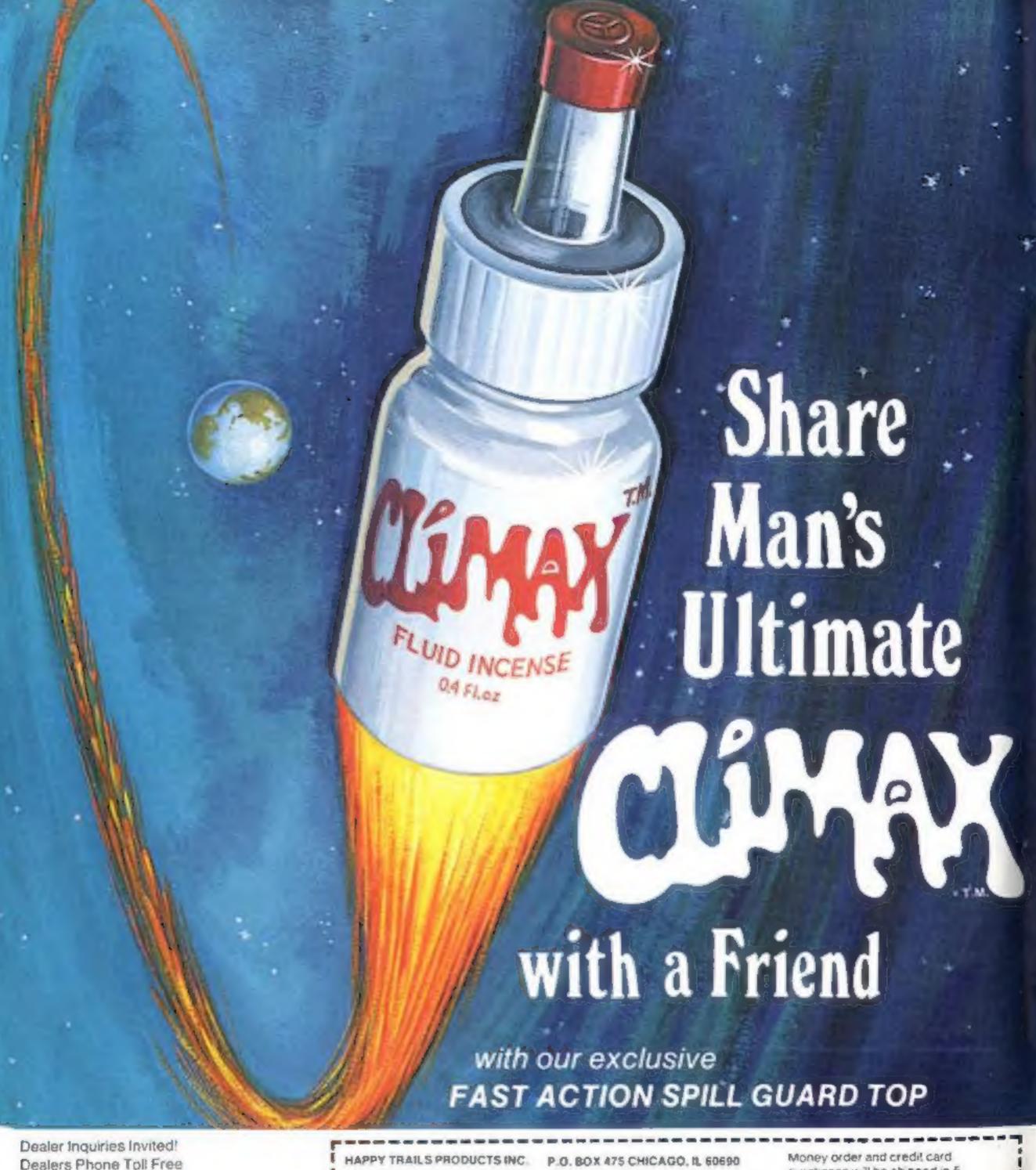
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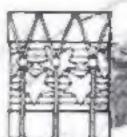
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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or for away."

Henry David Thorsau



#### AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

**VOLUME 4** 

GETTING OFF

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Pyramid Subterrane, New York City Prick Tease: next issue, read all about Pyramid Power! (Drummer keeps you hungry.)

#### AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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TYPESETTING. MARJ ANDER ON

.... MARJ ANDEN



## MALECALL/Dear Sir:

#### LEATHER FRATERNITY

You won't believe what a friend of mine has gotten through the mail, so I am enclosing it. It is a newsletter from your Leather Fraternity with a short story about sex with seven year olds with a gruesome ending about the killing and disposing of the body of one of the boys.

This is really what we need with the press blaring away in Chicago and Boston and California about these kinds of murders. I thought shit about sex with even teenagers was taboo. What gives?

E.N.

Chicago, IL

Thank you for calling this to our attention. We find it hard to believe also. The publication you are referring to is put out sporadically by Jeanne Barney, who has chosen to usurp the name LEATHER FRATERNITY. Our main irritation with Ms. Barney to date has been her constant badmouthing. While her newsletter has very little circulation, with this kind of content, it is indeed endangering those involved with it.

We are of the opinion that Ms. Barney or her associates are not advocating sex with children nor "snuff" activity, but that she merely used this opportunity to use material without payment, since it seems to be an excerpt from a book she

is howking.

Needless to say, Ms. Barney has no connection whatever with the original LEATHER FRATERNITY nor DRUM-MER, and we certainly have no responsibility for the "newsletter" you enclosed.

#### DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN

As advertised in one of your recent issues towards the end of 1978 was telling your readers of an up and coming issue titled "GALA YEAR ISSUE."

When do you expect this "GALA" issue to come out and will it be available in the bookstores or by special sub-

scription.

Looking forward to hearing from you with above requested information. So enjoy your publication — keep up the great work. Also, would greatly enjoy ever so much seeing more articles on foot fetish and more photos showing beautiful scruptous feet.

W.B.L. N.Y.

Thanks for asking. This year our annual will be called "DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN" and should come out in time for our anniversary in June. There should be another article for you foot fanciers issue after this one. Ed.

#### HANGING HUNKS

You are the best — issue 26 very enjoyable. Why not feature a contemporary hunk in bondage? Too bad nobody ever gagged poor Lex to add to his misery. My only criticisms — not enough bondage and you don't print often enough. Ever think of making some S&M films for gays? It's a sadiy neglected market. I.R.S.

N.Y

#### PASS THE MINERAL OIL, PLEASE

I wouldn't necessarily want to be Mr. Drummer but I would like to pose with my dick up some man's ass. I would like to be striped nude with another guy sitting on my stiffer while I have my hands on his ass grabbing and squeezing. I don't have a photograph but I sort of look like the guy in Drummer issue 25 between pages 48 and 57. I am quiet, shy, but can be very serious and would like to pose nude for Drummer.

What is your answer?

D.D. L.A.

Ed. Great. Where is a pix?

#### PRIME BEEF

Few days ago I received your issue 26. As usual top quality. But I am writing you to say thanks for your punctuality, and to ask you if my subscription needs to be renewed? I don't want to miss your next issues.

In two months I will be 40 (sic) but thanks to your mag I keep myself in good shape (body and mind) and it will be nice if you can do something about us guys between 40 and 50, of course in your usual macho style, I don't want to take too much of your precious time so I slap you in your nice butt and I say Ciao.

T.M. SWITZERLAND

#### JOCKS, JOCKS, JOCKS

The cover on Issue 26 is more than I ever could have hoped for. This is a good start in covering jockstraps in each issue. Give us jockstraps, jockstraps, jockstraps and more jockstraps!

Also, could you quickly send me the address of Macho Jocks that it was said could be obtained through Drummer? I say quickly because I want to be sure to get a couple before they run out!

Signing off now, wearing a jockstrap a good buddy got good and raunchy for

me.

M.O. MASS.

#### A MASSAGE EXPERIENCE

I would like to inform you that my new business is now operating at Dave's Villa Caprice in Palm Springs, "A Massage Experience" initially will be run by me, Richard Locke. I have graduated from the San Francisco Massage Institute and I am licensed by the County of Riverside, I have a student now and will conduct workshops in the future but the main emphasis will be on giving patrons a sensuous massage. A sensuous massage is simply, an experience in which the mind and body are nurtured in an envelope of pleasure. I hope you can use this information in a listing for your California Guide.

Richard Locke Desert Hot Springs, CA

#### TURNED ON AND UP

By the way, let me congratulate you for the fine "job" with "Drummer." It is the most read mag I found about men's play. Keep on turning the men on and be sure a lot of guys read "Drummer" here in Montreal. More stories like "Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley" please. What a turn on man.

W.L. Montreal

No other magazine could compare with Drummer, Issue 25 is the greatest. Please keep up the good work.

St. Louis, MO

#### SHAVED "CHEYENNE"

Glad you were able to find a good photo of Clint Walker. He was at his best on TV, I think. (One remembers those annual interviews in which he solemnly demanded natural food and a bigger salary.) The large screen merely showed that he had hair on his shoulders. Better to remember him as "Cheyenne" – the Ultimate Mesomorph, entirely in blackand-white, and hairless as the Elgin marbles.

F.S. Berkeley, CA

#### **FADED FETISH**

In your early issues you sent out a call for articles on various fetishes. I have not seen one on faded levis.

There are many people into a fetish for levis as seen by the thousands who wear them. The fact that many bars are labeled "Levis-leather" indicate a strong attraction to levis as well as leather. In most of these bars more than 90 percent are dressed in levis, some in leather jackets and boots. This is clear testimony of the interest in levis, A number of ads in the "Personal" columns of Advocate express an interest in meeting others into levis.

S.M. CA

#### LEX IS SEX

Thank you very much for the exciting article on Lex "Tarzan" Barker. I hope

you will branch out by writing a photo biography of Lex Barker. There isn't a bio on Lex. You will make all his fans very happy if you will do it. Like you say a book about him needs plenty of photos.

> W.A. HAWAH

#### FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!

I answered a slave's ad, No. 116 in your recent issue - the fucking asshule slave forgot to give his address in his reply. Please forward this again, Thanks, and keep up the good work man, it's one fucking hot magazine that really makes my sap rise.

#### THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

A short note of appreciation for the excellent service of the past seven or eight months since I last wrote. The letters have been forwarded to me quickly and the Drummer has been coming with a fair degree of regularity. Glad everything finally seems to have fallen in place out there.

Box 055

#### LONDON CALLING

The popular proprietor of London's famous Coulherne Bar has a new pub, the Royal Vauxhall Tavern, and his many loyal leather patrons are now crowding in there. It is near the Vauxhall Station, London S.W. You read it here first!

A.Jay 5.F

#### ASS WATCHER

Why not an article on "butt fetish" large massive big asses on the following: football studs, sailors in skin tight whites, construction workers, body builders, cowboys in skin tight washed out levis, cops, USMC, RTS - requirements of these gorgeous face sitters: 6 footers (no less than 5'11", 185 lbs. to 210 lbs+). Example: great massive buns ass drawn by A.Jay! Love watching mens big asses in skin tight clothing - the bigger the ass the bigger the turn on!! Have fantasy about being an ass taster - yes a Rimmer! Down on knees just tasting lovely big "massive" he-man ass! Also am an "ass watcher." That Nebraska team: new Years Day and some beautiful, ripe, ass two or three guys kept pulling their uniforms up! For that tight fit - "ass showing" - made my mouth water throughout the game! (I'm sure those studs are aware of what they're doing probably crave a good big stiff thick tonguing at that forbidden "bung hole!"

Great asses to watch: Robert Conrad, James Garner, Robert Fuller, Cornel Wild and YOUNGER: (stow yours book) John Wayne:, Ward Bond, Preston Foster, Bill Williams, Jeff Richard, Rich Boone, Rich Allen, etc.

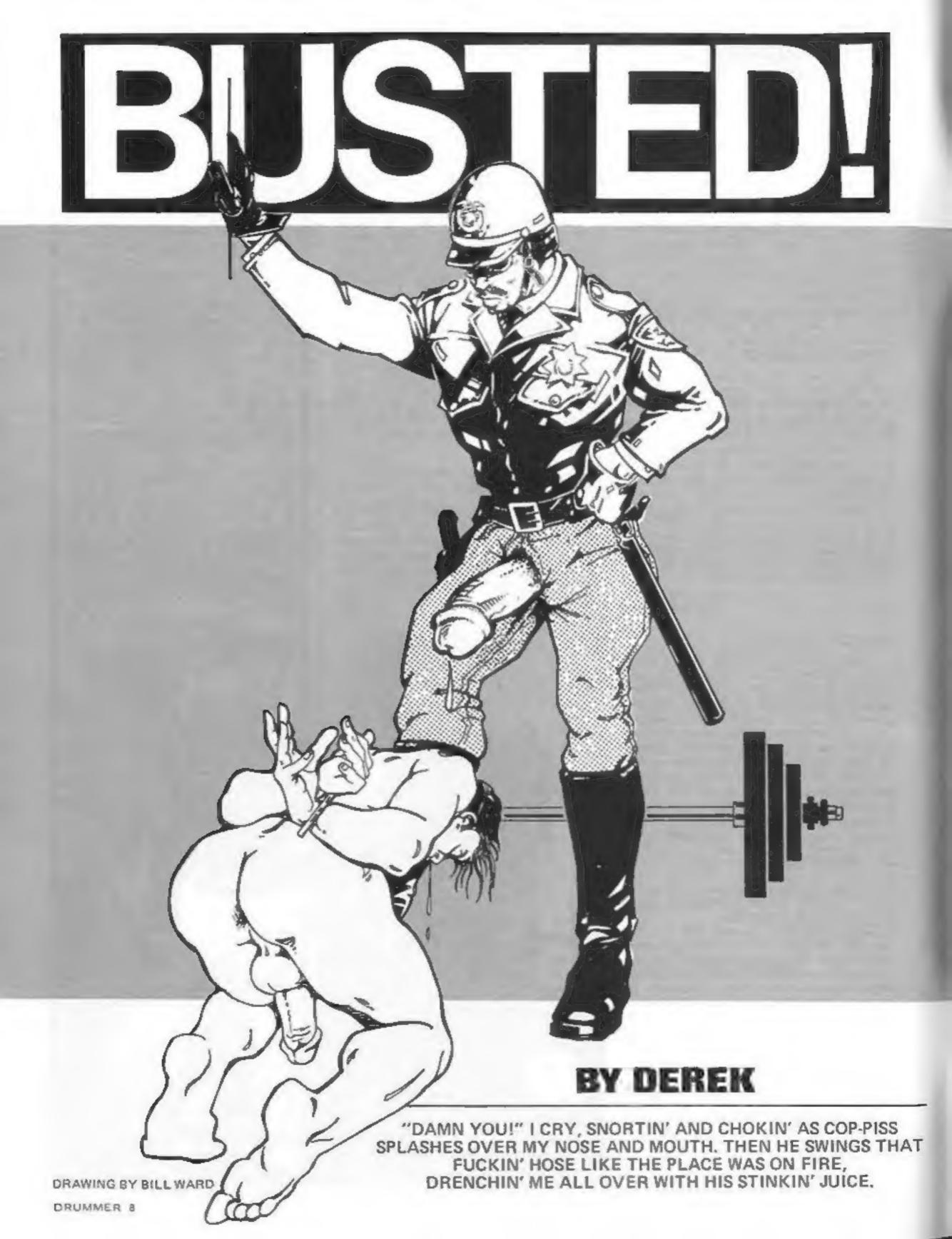
Also, how about an article on Moustaches, love them too! Big thick ones with a rugged man smoking a cigar; many rugged 6 ft. 250 lbs. men are well known clit chewers.

ASSMAN

How about these hunky buns, you rim
freaks! -- Ed.

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 66





# A DRUMMER One Handed, Friction-Fiction Winner. A Four Load Fantasy Trip!

smart-assed punk. Saw a lot of the ol' woodshed, too. My old man used to beat my bare ass raw with his belt, cussin' at me and tellin' me that I'd never be any good. Got thrown out of school every other month or so for bad-mouthin' a teacher. Know what I mean? Like, even then I said too much for my own good. Still do. Old habits are hard to break, I guess.

I live in a small town, too. That just makes it twice as bad. In a small town, everybody knows everybody, and what you say gets around quicker 'n a prairie fire, I'm lucky, bein' single and all, A real tomcat, Folks don't bother me much. I'm self-employed, too. Mechanic, My own boss, you might say. I

like it that way. Most of the time.

My mouth still gets me in a heap of trouble, though. More in I like to think about. Take last summer. There I sat, mindin' my own business, havin' a beer or two at the local waterin' hole. It was a weekday afternoon, if I recollect rightly. Not many folks around, I was fed up with work, y'know? Like, I just couldn't do it no more. So there I sat, sippin' suds and catchin' the spaps on the tube over the bar. God, what shit

Anyway, there I am bein' a good boy for once, when in comes this cop in motorcycle gear. I mean — HOT DAMN!— this guy's dressed for the kill, White helmet and silvered glasses. Black leather jacket, Dark blue pants, the kind with the funny bulges on the hips and white stripes down the sides. High black boots, He stands in the doorway, pullin' off kid gloves finger by finger, lookin' around. I nearly choke on my beer. He snatches off his glasses, swaggers over to the bar, hops up on the stool beside me.

I know right off he ain't from around here. Like I said, in a small town, everybody knows everybody. And there sure as hell ain't a cop within cruisin' distance that looks as sharp

as this dude. I forget all about the soaps,

"Gimme a draft," he grunts, slappin' his gloves on the bar. The fat little bartender fetches a brew while I check 'im out. His pants are a little tighter 'n they oughtta be. Heavy black leather belt with night-stick on one side, holster on the other. It's occupied. A chrome pair of cuffs dangle down his ass. He whips off his helmet and lays it on the bar, too. I near enough fall on the floor when I see them jet-black curls.

The bartender comes back. The cop throws him a buck,

"Thanks."

I smile nice 'n friendly, "Y'ain't from 'round here, are ya?"

"What's it to you?"

I shrug, "Nothin", Just never seen ya here before."

He stares at me with steely-blue eyes, real unfriendly. Do I see him givin' me the once over? It's hard to tell with some guys whether they're cruisin' or not, y'know?

"Just chased some creep in a hopped-up dune buggy twenty miles down the interstate," he says, "Cocksucker thought he'd

get away from me, too, But I showed him."

"What happened?"

"Caught him when he got off here. There was a train passing through. He had to stop," He sips his beer. Foam gathers on his thick black moustache, He wipes it off, "I turned him in to your local authorities."

"I thought cops weren't allowed to drink on the job," I

say, teasin' just a bit.

"I'm off duty now. I've earned my fucking pay for the

day!" He turns away,

We just sit there a couple a minutes, not sayin' nothin'. He stares straight ahead, like he's tryin' to read the labels on the top-shelf liquor or somethin'. I do my best to strip him with my eyes. The bulge in his pants is nice. Real nice. Once I think I catch him eyein' me in the mirror. After a bit he hauls this thick cigar from his shirt pocket and lights up. His jacket squeaks nice'n sweet when he moves. I pretend not to notice, but the bastard seems to be tryin' his best to blow the smoke right in my face. I cough.

"What's the matter?" He grins, "Don't you smoke cigars?" I'm feelin' my beer by this time, y'know? And what the hell! The bartender's out of earshot. So I open my mouth a little too much.

"Naw. Not those kind. I only smoke big fat white ones.

Like y'got there between yer legs."

Well, you'da thought that dude was hit by a brick! He just glares at me, his eyes drillin' more holes in my head 'n a sawed off shotgun. I know right away that I've done it again. It's woodshed time.

"What did you say!?" he growls.

"You heard me."

Thinkin' I've called his bluff, I grin. Well, quicker 'n a pissed-off bull, that cop knocks me off that barstool and has me belly-down on the floor. I don't even get a chance to fight back 'fore he gets them cuffs on my wrists real tight. I yelp. Hearin' all the commotion, the fat bartender runs around front.

"Hey, what's going on here?" he squeals.

The cop pushes him aside, "You just mind your own busi-

ness, Pop. I'm taking this punk in for questioning."

Nobody budges as he hauls me off the floor. I'm scared shit now. I feel sure my ass is gonna be grass. The cop grabs his helmet and stuff off the bar, chugs the rest of his beer, and shoves me toward the door. The two of us clomp outta there and onto the street. There's this big bike parked out front. A real mean-lookin' machine. All black and chrome. The cop pushes me over to it.

"Get on, punk. Straddle that sucker and move back!"

I do as he says. He puts his gear back on, then swings into the saddle in front of me and revs 'er up. I can feel the deep vibes jigglin' my crotch. Damn! I'm startin' to get a hard-on.

"Hang on, punk, Here we go!"

It ain't easy holdin' on to one of them things, what with your hands cuffed behind your back like that. I grab onto the seat behind me and hang on for dear life. The cop guns that machine and takes off.

We head out of town, to the west, I have no idea where we're goin', and I'm too scared of fallin' off to care much. As we ride along, I can't help but slide forward a little. My hard dick presses right up against the cop's ass. If he feels It, I'm thinkin', he sure as hell don't mind!

We zoom along for a good half-hour or so. I'm hidin' from the wind behind his broad, leather-covered back. He pays me no mind, but keeps on goin' to wherever it is he's takin' me. People in cars look at me kinda strange-like, y'know? But,

heil! What could I do?

After a bit we leave the main drag and the cop hightails it up a windin' side road. I thought I knew this part of the state backwards, but this place I ain't never been to before. I know by the way the houses are gettin' few and far between that we

ain't headed for no town, either.

Another half-hour goes by. Then we turn off that road and onto a dirt track that just goes off into the woods. Shit, man! My fingers are gettin' numb from holdin' on. We bump and swerve along that trail for a good couple a miles, kickin' up a cloud of dust that would've blinded a moose, just when I think I can't hold on no more, we round a corner and there stands this cabin. Not much to look at, but cozy. The coppulis us up alongside and shuts the engine off.

"What's this?" I ask, "The jailhouse?"

"Get off, cocksucker!"

I slide off the bike and stand there lookin' stupid. The cop opens one of those slanty little doors beside the cabin that leads down to the cellar from outside. He motions me toward the stone steps.

"Get your ass down there, Pronto!"

I oblige, still unsure of what's goin' on, but happy not to be in some rat-assed jail waitin' for a judge. The cop climbs down after me and pulls the door shut.

The cellar is dark and cool. Real dirt-smellin'. My friend here yanks on a cord. A single naked bulb lights the place up. I take a quick look around. Pretty normal cellar, if y'ask me. No

dungeon like I kinda expected. Furnace, water heater, some grey metal shelves stacked with tools, and junk everywhere. Over in one corner there's a blue mat and barbells. A regular mini-gym. The cop shoves me toward the mat. As I shuffle across the cement floor, the bastard trips me. I fall flat on my face, bangin' my cheek real hard.

"Motherfucker!" I shout.

"Shut up, you piece of shit! And get over there!" The cop kicks me in the ass with his black boot. I crawl on my belly 'til I'm on the mat. "Now strip!"

"Ain't ya gonna undo the cuffs?"

He kicks me again, "I said 'STRIP', damnit!"

I get the idea real quick. I sit up the best I can and shuck off my boots one by one, usin' the other foot to help. Then I squirm outta my pants. Lucky I'm wearin' my work pants today. They're kinda loose, I ain't got no underwear on either, The cop smiles at that. Now my socks. I try to shuck them off with my feet, too, but I'm gettin' nowhere fast, "Use your teeth, punk," the cop says.

Well, I look up at him, then down at them dirty, wool sweatsocks and think, Momma, you were right. I oughtto change 'em every day like you said. But that ain't gonna help me now! Bendin' over real far, I pretty near break my back catchin' hold of my toes with my teeth. Whew! My mouth tastes like the inside of a gym locker. But it works, I tug 'n

tug 'til they come off, then toss 'em aside, My shirt is more of a hassle. I wiggle around on my belly like a fuckin' snake 'til I bust all the goddamn buttons off. The cop stands over me, cussin' and kickin' me in the butt. Hell! I'm doin' my best! But there's no way I'm gonna get it off past those cuffs. When I work it down to my wrists in back, he grabs a huntin' knife from one of the metal shelves

and hacks it off,

"This'll make a nice cum-rag," he says, tossin' it into the corner.

I get real mad, "You asshole, That was my best shirt!"

"Shut up, punk!"

The cop shoves his boot into my chest and stomps me to the mat. I just lay there lookin' up at him, breathin' heavy what with his weight bearin' down on my lungs, I'm stark naked now, and I see him scan my body exposed to his pleasure. I'm startin' to sweat a little.

"That's better," His mouth wrinkles beneath that bushy moustache into a sneer. "Seems we got to teach you some manners, boy. You can start by cleaning these boots for me."

He lifts his foot off my chest, leavin' a dirty footprint between my tits. The boot comes back down on my face, bendin' my nose to one side so I can hardly breathe.

"Lick it, punk!"

Seein' as I'm in no position to protest, I do it. I stick out my tongue and run it over the rough sole of his boot. It tastes like dirt and grease and God-only-knows what else, But I do it. He moves his foot around some so I can get my tongue in the crack by the heel. When I finish with that one, he makes me do the other, too.

"That's it, you fucking jerk. Clean those boots real good. And I'd better not find a speck of dirt on them when you're

through, Or else,"

I don't bother askin' what the "or else" is, I can guess, It wouldn't be fun. When I've licked the bottoms clean, he makes me get up on my knees and clean the shiney black tops of them boots, too. All the way up his calves, The smell of the well-piled leather and the smooth feel of it on my tongue start gettin' me roused. I can feel my cock stickin' out from between my legs, I'm sure he sees it too, When he's satisfied that I've done a good job, he pushes me away. Suddenly I don't feel so sassy anymore.

"Now sit!" he orders,

I obey, but my heart ain't in it. The dude rolls a barbell up behind me. I feel the metal shaft pressin' hard and cold against the back of my ass. Shit! There must be three hundred pounds on that thing! It clanks and squeaks as he moves it into position. Then he undoes one cuff, passes it around the shaft of the weights, and clamps it back on me again. I can rest my hands on the mat. But I sure as hell can't get up. Not with all that iron holdin' me down,

"Spread your legs, you turd!" the cop barks. "WIDE!"

I do. He grabs a long piece of nylon cord from a shelf and ties it 'round my nuts real tight, y'know? Like, I'm beginnin' to get a little worried now, But my cock - God love it - is standin' up real stiff 'n pretty. When he gets them fuckin' nuts of mine lassoed up tighter 'n a longhorn steer, he throws the other end of the cord over a rafter and hauls me up.

Believe me, man. I make a noise!! As that bastard lifts me off the mat by my balls, I let out a how! I struggle to lift myself up by my hands and feet. There I am, crab-style on his fuckin' gym mat, hoistin' myself up as far as I can and archin' my back so as not to lose the family jewels. I can't take my eyes off my poor nutsac, stretched and red, reachin' for the sky. And every time I lift myself a little higher to ease the pain, that fuckin' cop pulls on the rope so I gotta strain even more.

"That's it, punk" he laughs. "Get yourself up there or

you'll be missing something mighty important,"

I'm gruntin' and sweatin' a river by now. Up on my fingers and tip-toes. My Juckin' nuts hurt like hell. The cop ties the rope off and leaves me swingin' there by my balls. He strips off his jacket and shirt. Real slow-like, y'know? He's watchin' me all the time. Standin' real close to my feet, too, so I can kick him right in the crotch if I want to. He's teasin' me, y'see, Exposin' himself like that, But I know better. Sure, I could kick the field outta his cop-nuts and make him scream. But I'd probably lose mine if I tried. I decide it ain't worth de-ballin' myself just to see him double over.

He throws his jacket and shirt on the floor. I can see now he uses those fuckin' barbells for more 'n just tyin' folks down. I mean, SHEEIT MAN! The bastard's built like a Mac truck. Thick black fur covers his pecs, trailin' down his chisied belly and disappearin' below the belt. His fuckin' arms look like cables with knots tied in 'em. I see right then I was smart not to try to fight him back there in the bar. Don't get me wrong, I put up a hell of a good scrap. But even I know better in to tangle with guys like this. He would ripped my head

Damn it, though! I have to admit that cop looks sexier 'n the Devil himself. And just about as dangerous, He reaches in a tool box and pulls out two spring clips like they use on the leashes of them German police dogs. They're big mothers. All shiney and silver. A short chain hooks 'em one to the other. He pinches my tits real rough between his leather fingers 'til they're hard and pointy. Then he snaps a clip on each one. I suck in air through my teeth as those cold metal fuckers bite into me. But for once I don't say nothin'.

"That's right, punk," the cop says. "Just keep your trap

shut. Start complaining, and I just might get mad.

I look him in the eyes. All I see is my own reflection in those silvery mirrors. I'm surprised to see fear in my face. I think, Buddy, this time you done bit off more 'n you can chew! The cop stands up nice 'n slow, unzips his pants, and hauls out the biggest uncut joint I've seen since my locker room days. He manhandles it, y'know? Pullin' and rubbin' it real rough. I watch that monster grow 'til it's almost hard. Then before I know what's happenin', the damn thing explodes in my face with a gush of hot piss.

"Damn you!" I cry, snortin' and chokin' as cop-piss splashes over my nose and mouth. Then he swings that fuckin' hose like the place was on fire, drenchin' me all over with his

stinkin' juice.

right off!

"That's all you punks are good for," he growls, aimin' it back in my face. "Fuckin' toilets, all of you!" He grabs me by my hair and pulls 'til I cry out in pain. Seein' my mouth wide open, he shoves his spurtin' cock down my throat, "Drink it!"

He pisses harder. I gag a little, and he shakes my head by the hair. Soon I'm swallowin' that cop's funky piss like I was dyin' of thirst. It's salty and warm, and I feel my belly swellin' up as he fills me with piss. I look up, tears in my eyes. He's grinnin' from car to car as he watches me drink his golden cock-juice fresh from the spigot.

Jesus! That guy had a load that wouldn't stop. I thought I was donna' drown in his piss, when he suddenly lets me go

and pulls out.

"That's a good boy," he laughs, "Just keep up the good work and I may let you have some more later." He puils the black night-stick from his belt and sticks it under his cock. Once more the piss gushes out, splashin' me and his own pants 'til a dark blue wet spot covers his crotch. He soaks the stick real good. There's a knot in my guts, I don't have to guess where that thing's gonna go. With his dick still drippin' piss on the cement floor, he stomps 'round between my legs and rams that son of a bitch up my butt.



"AAWWWW, CHRIST!!!" I ye!!. It feels like a fuckin' telephone pole, "YOU MOTHER FUCKER!!"

"CAN IT!!"

I bite my lip and moan as he reams my ass real slow with his fuckin' night-stick. He moves it in and out for awhile. Then he holds it deep in my ass and twists it round and round. My cock is harder 'n hell by now. And my poor balls feel like they're gonna np right off. But I hold on. When he's got me good in loose, the cap leaves the stick up my ass, ty n'it's leather thong 'round the base of my cock so it'll stay put. I wriggle my ass, tryin' to get nd of it, But no dice.

lightly with his kid-skinned paims. He looks mighty pleased with himself and the fix he's got me in. I realize I've never been so aware of my body before. Signals of pain and pleasure flood my brain from all over 'til I can't tell 'em apart. Tits, balls, asshole. The sharp taste of piss on my tongue. Muscles taut, I can tell he likes my body, too, the way he's

lookin' at it and pawin' me all over.

You limpdick son of a bitch! I cuss, "I'll get you for this!"

He looks real mad now. He whips that .45 outtains holster

and points it in my face.

"I said 'can it', punk!" Then grinnin' weird-like, he moves that death machine toward me real slow. I'm really scared thit now, v'know? Like, what if the guy's a psycho or somethin'?! He inches the barrel closer and closer 'til it touches my lips.

"That thing's not got bullets in it, does it?"

He grins. "Now, wouldn't you hate to find out." He sticks the barrel in my mouth. "Suck on it, punk. Suck my fucking

I touch the tip of it with my tongue. It tastes a little like

oil and a little like gunpowder.

"I SAID 'SUCK IT," YOU PIECE OF SHIT!! NOW DO

IT!!" He flicks off the fuckin' safety.

Man, you better believe I start suckin on that metal dick like my life depends on it! His prick is stickin' outtains fly like a flagpole, I suck and suck on that thing 'til my jaw aches. Just when I think I can't do it no more, he pulls it out and lays it on the floor. I'm relieved, believe me! I don't take my eyes off him as he pulls his black leather belt from his pants. He yanks his buil-sized balls out, too, and lets 'em drop. Doublin' up the belt, he cracks it across his paim. He grins, I groan.

"You can take it, pisshole!" He swats me across the stomach with that fuckin' strap. GODDAMN! THAT THING STINGS! He does it again, movin' down closer to my hard cock. I'm shakin' like crazy now, y'know? Like, I'm tryin' to hold myself up while he lays into me. Stomach, chest, tits, thighs. He hits 'em all, over and over, I know if I relax it won't hurt so much. But hell! I can't! My skin is on fire. He swings real low, smackin' that strap right across my stiff prick. I

hear myself screamin'.

"AAWWWW, GODDAMN IT!! STOP!! PLEASE!!"
He swats it again, and this time he gets a piece of my

strung-up balls, too.

"SHIT, MAN!! STOP 'NO MORE!! PLEASE!"
"Have you learned your lesson, punk?" CRACK!

"AAAAGGGHH! YES! YES!! He lets up. "YES, WHAT?"

"YES, SIR"

My chest is heavin' and my legs are shakin' like they're gonna give out any minute. He throws the belt down, straddles my neck, and lays those fat cop-balls on my face. The fur on his nuts sticks up my nose. I can smell the sour piss-soaked pants.

"Chow on 'em, punk," he orders. "Real hard."

I suck 'em up like I was starvin'. He jacks himself off, his leather fist flailin' away like crazy.

"Harder! Eat 'em up1"

I get it. He really wants it rough. I oblige, chompin' down on those hairy nuts to pay the bastard back for his hospitality. The cocksucker howls, but he keeps on friggin' his meat over my face, harder and harder. Goo drips outta the hole in the tip, y'know? Long and stringy. Some of it lands on my eyes. But I just keep chawin' down on his balls.

When I get 'em all slobbery and red, he pulls 'em out and sticks the shiny head of his fat dick in my mouth instead.

"Now chew on that!"

Okay, I chomp my teeth on that fuckpose real hard. The cop moans, I'm startin' to get off on this. Know what I mean? That warm prick sure tastes good! It's all red and wet, with big veins stickin' out all along it. I run my tongue up and down the underside, testin' his sweat and smellin' his funky crotch. Then I chew on the slick head of it, swallowin' the sticky sweet fuck-juice as it oozes down my throat. When it's wet enough, he pulls out and stomps around between my legs again.

"Now for the best part," he laughs.

Real rough, he yanks that night-stick outta my sore hole and lets it hang there. In goes his cock, It's hot, man! He grinds his fuckin' hips so as to ream my ass real good. Suddenly he reaches over me and grabs the chain between my tits. He pulls on it, Hard! I holler, but he just yanks some more, stretchin' my tits like they're made of plastic.

"Here we go, punk!" he hollers,

Man, that cop starts fuckin' my hole like he ain't had a piece of ass for a year. And there's nothin' I can do. There I am, gettin' fucked royal by this muscle-bound cop, my balis tied to the ceilin' and my tits yanked up and down with each thrust of that hard, hot poie. Let me teil ya. I don't know what's happenin'! Like, I go crazy! I feel electric. Moanin' and cass n, my whole body flexes like a coiled spring. My dick burns, SHIT, MAN! I'M GONNA COME!! I look down at the goody hole in the tip of my cock and groan. The cop laughs again and rams his prick in haider.

"COME, PUNK! SHOOT IT OUT!! NOW!!"

I can't stop myself. "AAWWWW, JESUS! FUCK ME, YOU

GOD DAMN COP! FUCK IT! FUCK IT!! FUCK IT!!!"

I see my cock squirtin' scads of white spunk all over, Some of it hits me in the face. I scream again - real animal-like. But this time it's with pleasure.

"That's it, you piece of shit! Come all over yourself," He yanks real hard on my tits. Another load shoots from my

quiverin' dick

"Yes, Sir!" I yell,
I feel his hot cream floodin' my guts, Damn! It feels great!
Jets of boilin' cop-cum fill my ass. I go nuts. Hell! I ain't never
come so much in the life!

When he's through dumpin' his load in my ass, he rubs his hands in my cum, spreadin' it all over my naked body. Then he sticks those leather fingers in my mouth and makes me lick all the sticky gism off 'em. I clean his hands real good, y know? I'm lapp no my own cum off his fingers and jovin' it. Finally, he pulls outtainly ass and stands up.

"Not bad, punk," he says, grinnin'. His dick is all swollen and sticky, and his balls are soaked with split cream. He grabs his shirt and jacket off the floor and throws 'em over his

shoulder, He's breathin' real hard,

"Ain't ya gonna let me up now, Sir?" I ask, real polite. He just laughs. "Nope. Wouldn't want ya to wander off now, would I. You just stay put," He turns and leaves.

I don't recollect how long he leaves me there. It takes me a while just to stop shakin', Joes! I ain't never had a scene like that before. My fuckin' cock is still hard even though I'm covered from head to crotch in my own cum. I hear the cop clompin' around upstairs, I manage little by little to inch that fuckin' barbell forward 'til the rope on my balls goes slack just a bit. But I still have to hold my ass up there in the air,

It gets dark. I remember that, I'm probably only a one down there a couple a hours, but it feels like a fuckin' week. Then I hear footsteps on the stairs again. The cop comes back, dressed and showered. He stands over me, and I can't help gettin' another hard-on just lookin' at the dude. Know what I

"Well, punk," he says, foldin' those iron arms across his chest. "I've been thinking. You did a real bad thing back there in that bar. Propositioning an officer of the law!" He signs real heavy and shakes his head. "So I've decided."

Decided what? I think. What's this bastard got in mind?! "Thirty days," he says, "or three hundred dollars."

"What?!"

"You heard me. For makin' an obscene suggestion to a police officer, you get thirty days. Here. Or three hundred dollars if I take you in. What's it going to be?"

l just stared at that hunk in the uniform, standin' over me like that. Hell! What could I do? He licked his lips slightly, then grinned. I took the thirty days.

But that's another story.





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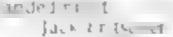
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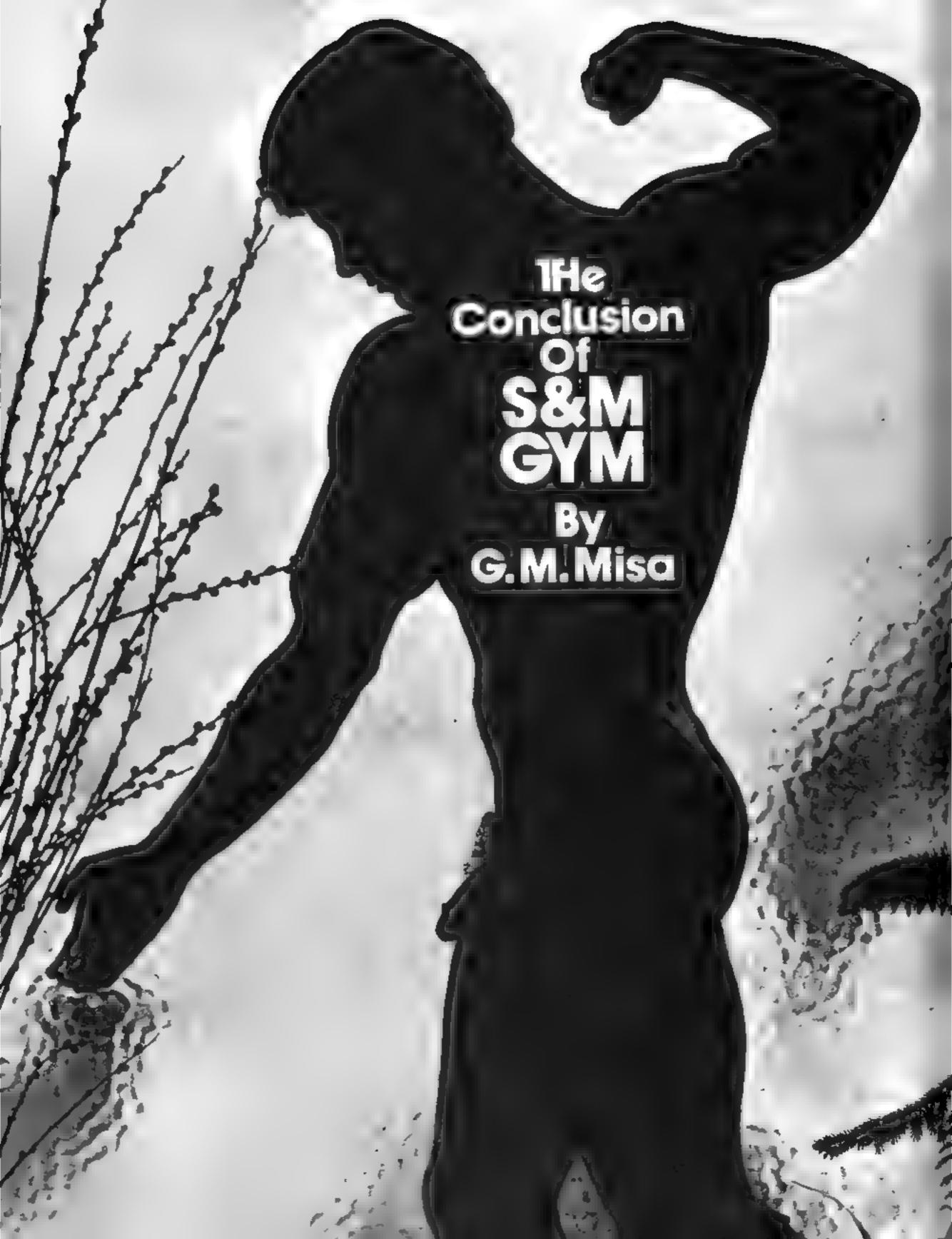
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## Chapter 15 Mr. Bay Area's Reward

At last . . . down on my knees in front of my master with his sweat pants around his ankles. Killer was naked except for the jock strap, I pressed my face against the rough elastic material and felt his dick begin to harden. I pulled away for a moment and just stared at his rugged body . . . drinking it in with my eyes. He'd been working out . pressing a threehundred pound barbell and the sweat glistened on his gladiator's body. A rivulet of sweat wended its way down the cleavage of his massive chest, detouring around his belly button and then following the thick blue-green vein that pulsed across his abdomen. Just before it touched his jock strap I stuck out my tongue, licking at the saltiness ... at the sweat of my macho man,

Just looking at the Killer was like a punch in the guis. He was the personification, the epitome of the macho man, Killer had 225 pounds of rock hard muscle distributed over his six foot three frame. When he moved his right arm the black panther took a step forward on his bulging bicep. He had a more defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger and his jet black durly hair contrasted with his white skin that was as smooth as a babies ass. He had large, sky blue eyes and a naive smile that almost made my heart stop beating

"You gonna stare at me all night, Georgie?" His voice was almost kind as he winked at me, It cave me a strange feeling.

Killer being nice to me, I almost liked it,

Still on my knees on the gym floor I crawled behind Killer. I loved the way the two straps of his jock strap cut across his rock hard muscular ass, But most of all I loved the way his lower back dipped inward and then the two cheeks shot outward, defying gravity. To me it was the sign of the true athlete. I can my tongue along the back of his leg . . . along his thick hamstring muscle until I could feel the hair around his asshole. This was something I'd wanted to do all my life. Just moving the jock strap slightly to the side I pushed my tongue into the funky sweatiness of his asshole. God, it was delicious! There was no doubt about it, Killer McKenna had the best tasting bunghole in captivity! Now Killer was bent over, grabbing his ankles, as I went to work on his ass. Reaching out my hand I felt the hardness of his dick still in the jock strap. I lapped away for a few minutes and finally turned him around. The head of his uncut dick was sticking out of the top of his jock strap . . . it was shiny, wet and red and oozing a translucent pre-gism.

Killer sat down on the bench his legs spread wide. He pulled at the jock strap. His dick popped out, banging against his navel and his large balls bounced on the exercise bench. And yet my eyes were not on his crotch. They riveted on his jock

'Go ahead, Georgie!" He was grinning from ear to ear. He grabbed the jock strap and wrapped it around my face. "I know you're a perverted mother fucker!"

"Thank you, boss!" I moaned, as I drank in the wonderful

macho smell of my master,

"Don't thank me . . . you earned it!" He leaned back on the incline exercise bench. "That's enough of that shit, Get to work on my tooi!" He waved his dick at me. Then he slapped the side of my face with it, "I got an ocean of come in it!"

killer didn't have to tell me twice. I devoured Killer's eleven inches of uncut dick. He had a big mushroom head and in just a few seconds I felt it expand in my mouth. Quickly I let it flop out of my mouth and my tongue began to lick his hairy balls.

"You don't have to worry," Killer growled, "There's more

than one load in there!"

"Oh, I didn't mean to ,

"I got at least six loads in there, babe!"

Killer didn't wait. He grabbed my head and rammed his eleven inches down my throat. His whole body shook spasmodically for about ten seconds . . . YAGGAMABAHHHSHIT!

The jets of jiz slammed into my mouth, burning my throat as I shot all over my blue jeans. Christ, his cum was delicious. Maybe it was because he was such a purist when it came to food . . . everything organic . . . he never touched any junk food . . . everything pure . . . his cum tasted like the nectar of the gods . . . damn . . . I licked the last few drops, sucking at his pisshole. "You're a thirsty cocksucker!" he smiled down at me. "C'mon, Georgie Porgie, let's go hit the sack!"

My heart jumped into my throat, "Right away, Boss!" I was surprised as hell. I took it for granted that Killer's old lady would be in his room waiting for a quick piece of ass before she finished reading about the latest ax murder or skid row killing in the National Enquirer and went to sleep, "Ah . . .

where's your wife, sir?" I asked,

"Took her home to her mother!" Killer said, "Lick my feet for a while."

"Yes, master"

He picked up a copy of Hustler and began to thumb through it. I quickly got out of my blue leans and went to work on his feet. Christ, they were big. They had to be a size fourteen or even larger. It never failed . . . if a guy had big feet he had a big dick. I really got into his big toe . . . sucking it off. I was surprised it didn't come, "Mmmmmm . . . oh, sir, if only you had some boots . . . I . . .

"Look in the closet,"

There they were . . . rugged construction boots that were

caked with mud.

"Put them on me," Killer ordered as he sat on the edge of the bed, still reading Hustler and his dick standing straight up. I knelt at his feet and somehow managed to get the neavy boots on his legs. It was difficult as his calves were so huge.

"Now use your tongue and lick 'em clean!" He reached for his pants and quickly took the thick black belt off them. It had a shiny new buckle, I don't know what I did wrong maybe I stopped for a breath of air. The pain tore at my ass and my body jerked crazily upward, turning and twisting, trying to get away from the screaming pain that was ripping it apart. Killer was standing up. He grabbed me by the hair and threw me across the bed, "You dumb jerk," he screamed. "You can't even clean a lousy pair of boots. You're not worth a shit"

Whistling through the air . . . WHACK! WHACK! 225 pounds of muscle behind the swing as the belt slammed down across my unprotected bare ass, I screamed in horrible pain. I tried to twist away from Killer but he was too big and strong for me. I was no match for my master. "You wanted a night with Killer McKenna and you're gonna get it. Where in hell did you think I got my name, asshole?"

Killer didn't confine the blows to my ass. He was merciless. The belt whistled through the air . . . slamming down . . . on my legs . . . my chest . . . my back . . . my legs, everywhere. I couldn't help myself, "Oh, no sir, please, sir, I can't stand the

pain. It's too much, sir! Please stop!"

"Shut the fuck up!" he screamed. "You fuckin' masochists are all alike. You do everything to turn me on . . . get me to beat your ass but when it gets right down of it you can't take a few love taps. Well, you're going to get your fuckin' ass



whipped, mother fucker . . . but good!" He slammed me hard across the face with the palm of his hand. I thought he was going to knock out my teeth. "Another word out of you and I'll knock you out. You hear me loud and clear, asshole?"

I nodded my head, scared to open my mouth. And I was scared. Whatin hell had I gotton myself into? Did I want this this kind of real violence? Hell, what I really wanted from Killer was a game . . . a marve ous fantasy of Killer playing the

master yeah, that was all

"Sir, I understand but ", "I should not have opened my mouth. It was obvious he was not playing a game. My body erked backwards ", the pain twisted and exploded in my head as my body stammed against the bedroom wall. Then his first buried itself in my stomach and I gasped for air — bending displaying the fetal position. He fitted me with one hand and threw me on the bed. Then the feel of rope burning into my wrists and ankles and in a flash I was hog tied and helpiess, totally at the mercy of Killer McKenna.

Grabbing me by the hair he shaved my face into his crotch. His heavy balls sagged against the side of my face. I was so angry at him I made no attempt to lick his balls or suck his dick. He finally reached down and shoved the fat head into my

mouth, "Lick the head, asshole!" he ordered

I couldn't quite believe my eyes as he reached for the phone and dialed, "C'mon, use your tongue... get it into my pisshole ... c'mon!" His voice changed. "Oh, hi, Thunder. No. I wasn't talking to you. I'm talking to my slave who's giving me a blow job. Yeah . . . he's doing it right now while I'm talking to you ... ah ... what? I think his name is Georgie but you know me. I've got so many slaves. You know something? I should give them numbers. That way I won't get confused. Oh, yeah, it's the dude who won the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . yeah, Mr. Bay Area himself is sucking my dick, Thunder. Just a second!" Now he was yelling at me, "Hey, jerk, stop scraping my dick with your teeth! No, I'm talking to Georgie, Thunder, Look, why don't you line up a couple of your buddies and come on over. Surc . . . yeah . . . you can bring some whips . . . dildos and shit like that. I figured you might like to get even with Georgie . . . work over his ass . . . oh, that's tough . . . you can't . . . well, maybe some other time, huh? Oh, you'll call Tony Padua and see what he's up to? That's a great idea. Isn't he straight? Okay, if you say so . . . Tony Padua it is . . . yeah, right now Georgie has his tongue up my asshole, Thunder, he's lapping away like a deg . yeah what? He's a good cocksucker and you can come over any buddles . . . we can have a lot of dughts . yeah, see ya, Thunder, Bye!" He hung up

weivet head of his dick. Yeah, killer had gone back on his word. Was he putting me on or was Tony Padua really coming over? I mean ... what would happen? The guy was a real homophobe! And Killer had promised ... this was supposed to be our night ... just the two of us. My mind while dock to all the dreams ... all the wild and wonderful fantasies yeah, I had to admit some of them were romant c and now he was doing this to me ... the worst possible humiliation IONY PADLA. And he was giving him the right to beat my ass. Who in hell did Killer think he was? All I really wanted was to be alone with Killer ... just the two of us ... all night long. And hadn't I earned it?

Mechanically I moved my tongue from his asshole to the

Now I felt Killer's mushroom head begin to swell in my mouth. Now he eased his eleven inches down my throat, I choked a bit on the last three inches. After all, I wasn't a

sword swallower and I still had my gag relfex.

"That's it, Georgie," His voice was soft, aimost tender "Suck that big, fat, juicy dick . . . c'mon . . . watch your teeth . . . there we go . . . lick the head . . . now take it all . . .

nice and easy!"

Then all hell broke loose, He grabbed the back of my head and fucked my face, "Take all of it you queer motherfucker!" he screamed. "Eat that cock!" He slammed it down my throat maybe five or six times and slam, bam, thank you ma'am, his hot gism gushed into my mouth like an oil well before it was capped. I didn't think he would ever stop shooting off and I was sure he had ripped out my throat with his dick. And then it was done. One second pounding away with his rock hard dick practically choking me to death and the next second his half hardon lying on my cheek, dribbling a few last drops. "Lick it clean, kid," he said quietly. I licked it clean.

DRUMMER 20

"That's a good boy," he growled. "Now I'm gonna take a cut nap before Tony gets here!"

"Ah, sir!" I tried to clear the cum in my throat so I could talk clearly, "Would you until me so I can get some circula-

tion in my arms and legs?"

"Sure, Georgie, I didn't mean to hart you! Just give me a second!" He moved to the dresser and came back with the adhesive tape. He jammed the dirty sock in my mouth and then slapped the adhesive tape over my lips. "That feel better, Kill 115 and the high social and the moment later Killer McKenna was sound asleep.

Gritting my teeth I held back my tears. The pain from the tope was getting worse as it cut off my circulation. I must've dozed off after a while because when I jerked back into consciousness I was in a different position. I found myself spreadeagle on the bed, face down, But there was one added attraction. Four pillows were tucked under my stomach, pushing my ass high into the air . . . available and vulnerable. Yes, I was

totally helpless.

I twisted my head as I heard a door slam. He was standing in the doorway. Yeah, he was short, about five feet six inches tall, but his proportions were classic, in the tradition of Franco Columbu. He had a dark, intense face with snapping eyes. His massive shoulders cut down to the tiny waist and then the heavy musculature of his legs, down to his blue jeans that held a heavy hunk of Italian saiami. Yeah, there was no doubt about it, I was meeting him for the second time in 24 hours. Tony Padua, who I'd beaten in the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . Tony Padua, the queer hating bodybuilder who I'd outfoxed

Now Killer stood in the doorway. He wore the inevitable

sweat pants, "The Crisco's on the end table, Tony!"

"I don't go for that shit?" Tony's voice was colder than ice "Thunder said it was okay . . . no bullshit! That you wanted someone to whip this dude's ass

"That's right," Killer grinned, "And the ass is in front of

13, "

I don't have to do nothin' else?"

"That's right," Killer's grin was wider, "Yeah, take a good look at that ass, You got my permission to scar it up!"

"I got a score to settle," he snarled, as he pulled the cat o

nine tails from his back pocket. "The fuckin' liar!"

Kaler sat on the edge of the bed. He yanked the adhesive tape from my mouth and then took the saliva soaked sock out of my throat, "I want to hear you scream, Georgie. I'm going to be in the office, If it gives me a hard-on I might come back and knock off a quickie!" And then he was gone and I was alone with Tony

And now I was at the mercy of Tony Padua, Mercy? What a laugh. I knew he wouldn't give me any as I studied his face. Each process of the process of the supervision of the strange which process of the supervision of the strange which are the supervision of the strange which are the supervision of the strange with the supervision of the

"AGGGGHHHHSHIT ... KILLER! KILLER!" I screamed Christ, Tony was going at it hard ... hard and brutal from the first swing ... he was after blood ... not like the experienced S who started off easy ... who started with caressing gentle love taps and slowly built it up until the pain was barely noticeable and suddenly it was accelerated into heavy duty

whipping that was a turn on.

NO... TONY TORE AT MY ASS AND I THOUGHT I WOULD DIL FROM THE PAIN. "Killer' helpme! Helpme!" I screamed again, desperate. Crazily I wondered if Killer would enter on a white charger. I bit so hard into my lip I could feel the blood and then I saw it on the sheet. Then there was a momentary stop from the excruciating pain that was tearing my ass to ribbons. I just had enough time for a deep breath and then there was a different sound...

SMACK! WHACK! SMACK! WHACK!

In a mad frenzy Tony had ripped off his belt and was letting me have it . . . the belt buckle was tearing into my ass. Somehow I twisted my head over my shoulder . . . rivulets of blood coursing down to the crack and then SMACK! WHACK!

the best unmerciful against my passive flesh ... it turned fiery red to purple at the edges and then ... yes ... black and

blue and on FIRE!

Then another mad frenzy overtook Tony Padua. He dropped the heavy belt to the floor as he looked down at his swolfen crotch. "I got a fuckin' hardon! What am I... some kind of a queer?" He tore at his blue jeans and still the mon-



DRUMMER 21

ster between his legs was rock hard in his shorts. He tore at them, ripping them off his body and the monster flopped out,

evidently having a mind of its own . .

TONY MOANED, ALMOST CRIED ... SHIT ... FUCK
... HIS MUSCULAR BODY JERKED FORWARD AND
THEN BACKWARD, HIS FACE CONTORTED IN PAIN AND
PASSION, TONY TRIED TO GRAB HIS FAT PIECE OF
SALAMI TO SOMEHOW STOP IT FROM WHAT IT WAS
COING TO DO BUT THERE WAS NOWAY IT HAD TO
DO IT ... THE RED HOT GISM SPLATTERED ALL OVER
MY BACK, MY NECK AND THEN FINALLY DRIBBLED
DOWN TO MY ASS AND TONY HADN TEVEN TOUCH D
HIS DICK

MMMMMMM in uninnium so thack gagenine in his

INTO THE CRACK OF MY ASS...still dribbling...still coming...and then Tony slapped his cock with his hand as if he were purchased to the what it and Bull Still IT WAS HARD...HARD AS A ROCK.

Then I heard a noise and Killer stood in the doorway. "God damn, Tony!" he grinned. "You really get your jollies

that way?"

Tony's mouth was wide open. He was in a state of shock, "I didn't even touch it!"

"Touch what?"

"My dick. It shot off . . , just like that!" He snapped his

"I guess you found out the same way I did!" Killer laughed as he looked at my torn up ass and played with himself.

"Found out what?"

Again Killer laughed. "You still got a hardon, Tony!"

"Ah . . . so what?"

"So where do you want to put it... up his ass or down his throat?"

Tony gulped guiltily, "I . ah . . I . . . don't go for that

shit, Killer, You know that!"

"Sure, tell me all about it?" Killer bent over the bed, quickly untying my ankles and then my wrists. I sat up, trabbing at my burning wrists, the tears streaming down its face, "Thanks, Boss," I mumbled, "I don't think I could take

any more

I didn't finish the sentence. As Tony grabbed my head I saw his face for a second, his eyes were like laser beams and his mouth was twisted in a kind of strange desire. It was as if all the adrenelin of his life was concentrated in this one moment and I knew it would be impossible to resist. At this moment Tony Padua was the strongest man in the world as he ammed my tick down out his hire life is an animal my

FUCKER ... TAKE IT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY
FUCK BALLS ... YOU MOTHER FUCKIN DEGRAMENTE
BASTARD ... EAT IT ... GO AHEAD ... SUCK IT
SUCK IT HARD ... LICK THE HEAD ... OH MY COD
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT ... YOU'RE THE GREATIST
FUCKIN' COCKSUCKER IN THE WORLD ... SUCK MY
SHIT FUCK I YAGAMASHA... WAH. CRAPI
Jhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Within two minutes Tony Padua had come twice, He yanked it out of my mouth and then pulled his blue jeans up over his muscular butt as he shoved the still hard salami into his pants. Without another word he started out the door.

"Your cat o' nine tails!" Killer said mockingly.

"On, yeah." Tuny whiled around guiltry, grupped the whip and disappeared. I heard after that Tony Padua to gert a Harley Davidson and had a string of slaves to rival. It lier McKenna... well... almost rival him.

And now I was alone with my master, "How d'ya feel,

kid?" He sat on the edge of the bed.

I wasn't sure if I'd heard Killer correctly, "What did you

say, Boss?"

He bent down, inspecting my ass. "He cut you up pretty bad!" What he did next blew my mind. He bent down and began to kiss the black and blue marks very gently "Does that feel better?"

I didn't know how to react. Was this just the prelude for another crueity. Would Killer suddenly bite a piece of flesh from my tortured ass — was he getting ready to fam his fist deep into my guts? I didn't know. "Yeah . . . ah . . . it feels wonderful!"

"Don't move, Georgie, I'll be right back!"

A moment later he was back and very gently he rubbed the salve into my torn up ass. His huge hands were so gentle . . . so tender, I couldn't quite believe what was happening but I felt my dick stiffen to incredible rock hard proportions.

Whin he I have d with my ass he actually took me in his arms. My heart was beating wildly. Was Killer going to kiss

mey"

His voice was low, intimate. "You feel better, kid?"

"I feel great!" I didn't bother to say BOSS or SIR and he didn't beat the shit out of me.

"Hey, how about giving me another blow job, I'm horny

as hell!"

"Chives...sure..."

I've only shot my load twice tonight, kid!"

My heart pounded crazily as I slipped to my knees next to the bed and put his velvet topped dick into my mouth. God, it was delicious. "Mimmimmmmmmm."

"Work on my balls and ass for a while, babe!" He lifted his

legs, spreading them wide open for me.

I was nuts about Killer's ass. It was the posterior of the typical football player... two mounds of solid muscle that somehow defied gravity. I knew there was one way to tell if a guy had a terrific body... if he were really in condition... take a good look at his ass. I pushed the cheeks aside and buried my face in the crack. Then I grabbed his legs and pushed them upward so I could get at the hole better... I managed to shove my face into it... then my nose and Killer groaned. Continuing to spread his cheeks wide I kept at it

lapping it like a dog . . . on and on and on . . . with one

hand I felt his dick . . . it was dripping.

It must've been an hour later when I got the idea, I almost

shot off thinking of it . . . the idea!

KILLER'S ASS...I WANTED TO FUCK IT FUCK HIS BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS BUNS...HIS FOOTBALL PLAYER ASSHOLE...MILKY WHITE ASS..., SLIP MY DICK INTO HIS GUTS...WOW! SLIP MY DICK INTO HIS GUTS...FUCK KILLER

All the thoughts made me quiver with desire and I knew I had to figure out a way. Now Killer was lying on his side with his left leg pulled up toward his chest so his gorgeous asshole was available for my tongue. I gently pushed him over on his belly. All he did was grunt, I think he was half asleep although as dick was half and drippy. "I'm going to give you an oid

fashioned trip around the world, B 55

I started with his feet, these big occupt to feet with the huge toes. Again I went down on his big toe and men my tongue moved to his Achilles heel and his hamstring muscles, I licked up the back of his thighs and then up to his ass... yes I was getting closer and I could hardly breathe with the excitement, I worked on his bunghole for a while and then . . . and then . . . onward and upward . . . along the crook of his back . . . upward . . . upward to the back of his neck . . . all the time my body pressed against his body . . . lying on top of Killer . . . licking the back of his neck . . . and not a word out of Killer . . . not a word as my dick pressed between the cheeks of his football player ass as I continued to lick his neck and shoulders. Killer didn't move a muscle. Would he kill me if I moved slightly and pushed my dick toward his hole? I knew his ass was wide open as I'd licked it for over an hour. I knew it was ready ... wide open for my dick ... if only I had the nerve . . . and if he didn't kill me when he realized what I was going to do,

I moved my body slightly and now the head of my dick touched Killer's bunghole. Gently, ever so gently I pushed forward and I felt the head of my dick push at his relaxed spincter muscle. Still not a sound, not a movement from my master. I wondered if he'd fallen asleep. I listened for his even breathing. What would he do if he knew his slave was trying to fuck

his gorgeous ass?

pushed forward...just barely and...and...

THE HEAD OF MY DICK SLIPPED IN . . . INTO KIL-

LER'S ASS!

Then Kider's voice, quiet a whisper but it was an electric shock that fore through my budy.

ONE ONCE BEFORE! MY D.I. IN MARINE BOOT CAMP."

It was too much for me I shot my load up his ass with just the head of my dick inside of him. I felt like an idiot. Here I was . . . finally with the supreme thrill of my life and I'd shot off Biting down on my lip it took all my will power but I didn't move my position. I didn't push at Kilier's asshole but just let it spurt inside his hot ass. He didn't move although he must've known I'd shot my load in him. It seemed that Killer knew exactly when I finished coming. He moved his eg and pushed his ass backwards and toward my dick and LO AND BEHOLD it slipped another two inches up his almost virgin asshole. Yeah, my own gism was lubricating Killer's bunghole!

After a moment my arm went around him and I felt his cock. Christ, I'd always thought Killer had a monster dick but what I had my hand wrapped around seemed to have swelled out of proport on and he was dribb ing the crazy. And then the realization grabbed at my guts and I felt a wild excitement.

that I've never felt in my life before . . . not ever!

KILLER LOVED IT, KILLER WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE WITH MY DICK UP HIS ASS! AND YET IT WAS ONLY PART WAY IN. I GAVE A SHOVE AND MY DICK WENT INTO HIS LOVEPIT EVEN FURTHER AND HIS COCK JERKED SPASMODICALLY AND ANOTHER DRIBBLE OF CUM HIT THE PALM OF MY HAND.

What the hell, I couldn't help myself. I just let go . . . I rammed the rest of my dick up Killer's burning hot ass.

BOOM! BOOM! SAP! SLAW BAM ... A FUCKIN

TOUCHDOWN!

and Killer now was on all fours and I was slamming my meat into him dog fashion, "Fuck, Fuck! Fuck!" It was Killer's muffled voice that was buried in a pillow, "Fuck that ass Georgie! Go, fuck it hard! Let me have your dick... all the way... to the hilt... fuck it... fuck it... fuck it...

YAGGHSHITWOPBAMSLAMDAMN CRAP

A geyser spurting forever . . . eternity . . . off and off and off and off and it would never end . . . the ecstasy . . . the wonder of it all . the beauty prism of rainbow . . . love and all that shit ... it was ... HEAVEN ... upside down ... inside out . . . you name it . . . we did it . . . KILLER MC-KENNA WITH HIS LEGS UP IN THE AIR . . . SHOOTING OFF DELP INSIDE HIM AGAIN . I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES AND THEN RUBBING AGAINST EACH OTHER , . . SUCKING . . LOVING . . . COMING TO-GETHER ... THE DAWN BREAKING AND STILL GOING AT IT ... ON THE WALLS ... ON THE FLOOR ... WHO KNEW WHERE? WHO CARED WHERE OR WHAT OR HOW . IT WAS ALL CIRCUMSTANCES . . . IT WAS JUST THE SHARING. THE SHOWING ... THE EXPRESSION OF OUR LOVE . . . YEAH . . . KILLER AND ME . . . THE EXPRESSION OF OUR LOVE ... QUITE SIMPLE, AFTER ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADMIT IT . . SHOW IT HARD!

Yeah, Sunday morning Killer made a fluffy ham omelet with English mutfins . . . I did the dishes later in the office he pushed the papers toward me. "Sign here," he said.

I signed and he signed and then he took me in his arms "The gym belongs to both of us now," he said. "Fifty-fifty

That's the way it is!"

Sunday continued an orgy of sex. We used the wrestling mat. He pinned me down in some crazs position and then fucked my ass silly and when I'd pin him (I think he let me) I fucked his ass

And yeah, I moved out of the locker room, It was a beautiful king size bed. As we went to bed that night Killer took me in his arms, "You know something, Georgie?" he said.

"What, Killer?"

"I love you." He actually said the words.

"And I love you," I answered.

After he kissed me he winked at me. "By the way, I guess I forgot to tell you this but the slaves . . . ten of them . . . they now belong to both of us!"

"Terrific," I said, kissing him. "But there are only nine!"

"Only nine?"

"Yeah," I smiled as my hands ran over his beautiful buns. "Remember? I am no longer one of them!"

He laughed, "You're still the greatest cocksucker in town!" I laughed back, "And you're the best fuck in town!"

He turned off the light and two seconds later both of us were sound asleep.

the end . . . the end . . .

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## ASTROLOGIC

#### **ASSTROLOGIC**

ARIES S (Mar 21—Apr 19): Is spring beginning to build up your Arien juices? Are you constantly bothered by that overpowering urge to rain something? If you must, make it a hot, virgin ass!

ARIES M: It's probably too much to expect you to have a virgin ass, so you'd better go to a neighborhood farm for your ram... try

the real thing, baby!

TAURUS S (Apr. 20—May 20): If you have thought of spring planting, it may not yet be too late. Plant some grant cucumbers up your slave's ass.

TAURUS M: If manure makes a swell fertilizer, then a good scat trip is just what you need to make you fruit in season.

GEMINI S (May 21-June 30). Ahh, April that mystic month of spring showers . . . need I say more, sir!

GEMINI M: Though April showers may come your way, they'll all

be golden to keep you gay.

CANCER S (June 21—July 21): Do something different for Palm Sunday: fiail your M severely about the head and shoulders with a palm branch while riding his ass. (Jerusalem optional.)

CANCER M: If you can't find a palm branch, explain to your Master that he can substitute the palms of his hands for a truly religious beating

LEO S (July 22—Aug 21): Leo, Leo, how does your dungeon grow? With Silver Ben-Wa Balls and Cocks and Cells and varied

Dildoes all in a row.

LEO M: Sort of takes your breath away, doesn't it?

VIRGO S (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Throw a get-down Good Friday Party. Have all M's bring their own crosses.

VIRGO M: Isn't it just too humiliating being seen driving down Rodeo Drive with a cross strapped atop your Honda Civic?

LIBRA S (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Balance is so necessary in your life. The weights to your slave's testicles and see if you can make them hang evenly.

LIBRA M: Reveal yourself to a Chicano gang and tell them of your driving desire to be a "gang mamma."

SCORPIO S (Oct 23-Nov. 21). Send your slave on a spring vacation to dry out. Jupiter is very in this year.

SCORPIO M: Doesn't pictures of the planet's giant, chuming, strange red spot just make your tongue hard?

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22—Dec. 21). Thinking of taking up an exotic new profession? Become a leather ecdysiast.

SAGITTARIUS M: Been thinking of taking up something a bit

exotic, too? Try coprophagy.

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22—Jan. 20). Throw an Easter Egg Hunt for all your friends. Stick dyed eggs up your slaves' asses and then hide the slaves for your friends to find.

CAPRICORN M: Color your eggs with Red Dye #2.

AQUARIUS S (Jan 21—Feb. 19): Take your slave to see the new movie version of Hair. When the soundtrack plays "Dawning of Aquarius," shave the fucker before a startled audience.

AQUARIUS M: During the ending theme of "Let the Sunshine In," stand up, bend over and spread your ass till it gapes.

PISCES S (Feb. 20-Mar 20). As the snow begins to melt and flowers begin to bloom, plow your M till he crops!

PISCES M: In the spirit of the season, wear a garland of spring flowers under your leather bike cap. Pansies and Pussy-willow would not be inappropriate for you!

by Aristide





Omigod! My lover. My best friend! My wookie! Who can you trust?



By Frank O'Rourke

t must have been five thirty when I awoke from a dreamless sleep. I lay on my back, my cock stood up demanding attention, but it was more important that I do some thinking about my situation. Things had gone at such an accelerated pace vesterday afternoon, I hadn't had a chance to

assess my new and unexpected position.

Above me I could see the depression in the mattress. There my master slept. As my thoughts turned to him, my cock jerked to attention causing a tent-like protrusion in the blanket. Did Chuck have any feelings for me, or was he just exploiting me for his own ends ... like those cigarettes he made off of my body. No amount of speculation would bring me a satisfactory answer. I realized that I would have to ride the tide of this churning, violent current and see where my relationship would bring me.

My bladder was pleading for relet so light up in the concell for relevant myserf. Units risk now I thush dittee the stirk to which caused Chuck to stir. As I walked around the double broker bunk to get black in library I saw him from the ere look.

ng at me.

"How did you sleep, boy?" Chuck asked.

"Fine, uh, sir." I still found it hard to call him that,

Looking at his wrist watch, Chuck said, "We've got an hour and a half before we get up, so how about getting up here and

fixing me up."

My piss hard had gone down, but it leapt to attention again in expectation as I put my foot on my bunk and hopped up on Chuck's bed. He opened the sheet and blanket to let me in. Moving against the farther wall, he allowed me to lay on my back and shifted on top of me. Our groins pressed against each other in a thrusting motion. I could feel that his cock was rock hard.

Grasping my head in his bands, he pressed his lips on mine taid his tong a searched the interior of my mouth. I sucked on it and entered his mouth with my questing tongue. His teeth rispect my probing tongue and he in pped on it but not enough to draw blood. The pressure of his kisses began to bruise my mouth, but I wanted him so badly he could have done anything he wanted to me without any objection from me.

left tit in his mouth. His tongue swirled around the corona while the tip to sed the hardening plint. I was ted to grasp the back of hhis head and make him swallow the tit, but I didn't dare. All I could do was toss my head from side to side ecstatically. A new dimension was coming to pass, I felt his teeth abrading the tit as he ran it between his tongue and the teeth, It was still heightening the pleasure. I don't know with he abandoned the tongue and only his teeth were chearn, away at the nipple, but it was becoming a convince since I never had had anyone saw away at my tits. Amazingly, my cock had remained rock hard and I found myself grinding my dripping cock head against his hard stomach. As he worked on one tit with his mouth the other one was being pulled, twisted and pinched by his vise-like fingers.

I could not control an act of aggression on my part, I reached down between and grasped his roaring shaft in my hands. Releasing it, I laved the palm of my hand with my tongue until it was sopping with saliva and returned to my master's cock. I rubbed the spittle over the circumcized cockhead, bringing a groan from Chuck's tit-engorged lips. His own pre-cum added to the lubrication, I knew that if I kept this up

too long, he would drop his load into my hand.

me next to the wall and stretched out on his back, "Get under the covers and work on my cock with your mouth,

As I moved under the covers, they moved down with me, but Chuck pulled them back up to his chest. My mouth found it is navel and I flicked my tangue caress nely into swear, and cum-filled cavity. I savored the salty taste, but I was after note promising material, so I continued my downward exploration. His lush public hair brushed my lips as my hand grasped the heavily veined snaft of his cock I layed his cock head with my tongue. Moving down to his gigantic balls, I again rubbed the moist head of his cock in the close confines of the bed my senses were assailed with the musk of Chuck's maleness. The flesh of his balls heightened my own sexual sensibility until I thought I would not be able to bear it anymore. I napped at the leathery sac which produced a responsive argency. Chuck grasped my head between his hands, forcing it away from his balls toward the demanding cock-

head. I tried to tease the head with my tongue, but Chuck would have nothing of that, he impaled me with his prong. The head swiftly drove its way past the glottus and into my throat. I had unconsciously sensed what was coming and had taken a deep breath. Chuck held his sword in my throat, my nose buried in the public hair. Unable to breathe, I struggled against the steel grip with no hope of breaking loose. I felt tears coursing down my cheeks as my head swirled. I knew that I was fast losing consciousness. Chuck must have sensed it, because he pushed my head up until his cockhead left my throat and rested in my mouth. I gasped for breath, even though there was little air under the blankets.

An increasing had fined I hegen sucking in Chuck's cook as it it was the most important single action in my life as it primable, was I caused my techn to parery abrabe the rim of the head tuntaling it. The need contered my throat and thread to grash the life had with most most estimassaging the head. As I do to his most after this pisched my head for a monest. Most as a specific property is specificable and I wild feel them tighten which presaged an orgasm, so I sucked more furiously. In one great discharge come filled my mouth I swallowed the bitter sweet head determined not to lose a single grop. This was a flat in itself since shart after spart fountained out of the cookhead.

head in place. I knew then what was about to happen and I knew that I could not prevent it. Slowly, at first, a stream of hot piss began to pour into my mouth. I tried to cut off the script I so his again ag it and guiping down the stream. Chuck controlled the flow so none of the piss would dribble out of my mouth on to his bed. It was then that Chuck let out a tremendous fart which almost suffocated me, I could feel Chuck's body tremble with laughter, as he held me under the

covers,

After a few moments, Chuck tossed the covers back and pulled me up to his side, I lay with my head in the crook of his arm. My tongue flicked in the pungent moist armpit, as Chuck rested, his hand kneaded the cheeks of my ass, searching for my hole. Abruptly, as if he realized that he might be wrote to a toward are the stoved me away. 'Get back down on your bunk and catch a bit of sleep. We aren't going to breakfast; one of the guys will bring us egg sandwiches and coffee in the clothing shack."

My cock was still hard as I eased myself out of his bed onto the cold, concrete floor. I sought the warmth of my bunk, ly-

ing on my stomach while I fucked the coarse sheets.

"Knock it off, asshole," growled Chuck as he looked at me over the edge of the bunk, "I told you last night, you get your gun off when I tell you, Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I responded as I turned over on my side and

se that which it is sent would be an elusive sliep.

The words, "Get up!" broke my sleep. Chuck stood in the open doorway to the cell. He was fully dressed and he had a wrapped sandwich and a styrofoam cup of steaming coffee in his hands. "Here, eat these and meet me in the shack. There's still hot water in the bucket so shave. I've got your clothes in the shack. Just come down with a towel around you."

The sandwich was still hot and tasted good. I hurried to

finish eating and shaving

At the shack Chuck was putting the laundry bags into a whole ad cart.

"Take a shower. Use this hose on the spigot to wash out

your asshole, Hustle it,

After I had finished cleaning up, Chuck gave me a pair of levislevis which were pretty tight and a shirt a size too small for me.

We rolled the cart out of the cellhouse into the yard. The yard was filled with men who had no jobs and they hung around playing dominoes, handball, softball, or just walking and taking I could see that many of them were evering me curiously. I felt that everyone must know what happened to me last night, but I figured, "Fuck them!"

After exchanging the dirty towers and socks for clean ones in the faundry. Chuck told me to take the cart with the clean laundry back to the cellhouse shack and to meet him on the

yard near the handball court,

As I was returning to the yard, the young bull, Long stopped me in the doorway. "How are you getting along with Lambert?"

"Fine, sir,"

#### BETWEEN HIS PARTED THIGHS, I WANT TO BREATHE IN MAN-SCENT LIKE POPPERS, I WANT TO TAKE ALL THE MASTER'S PAIN WHILE ON MY KNEES IN A POOL OF HIS PISS. GAGGED WITH HIS THICK NINE INCHES.

I could tell that he didn't believe me. He looked directly at me and I found this disconcerting. Long was six feet tall and had the lean body of an athlete. This was the first time that I really appraised him as a man, rather than as the enemy. For a prison guard, he seemed to be a pretty good screw, but I wished that he would keep his nose out of my business,

Well, like I told you yesterday, if you need me for any-

In the what text is I has said with a friend friend

I nodded in response and headed out of the cellhouse. As I passed the domino tables. I saw Tillie watching a game in progress. I didn't even pause, because I had come to hate that nellie cocksucker. Tillie spotted me and grinned owlishly, but

Hooked the other way.

On the other side of the ceilhouse by the recreation shack, Charle was with two constitute and distributed the second of the second of the tion, the guy must have been in his mid-twenties, a little shorter than Chuck, but well-built. As I walked up to Chuck's other side, the man looked at me and I was struck by the most heautiful pair of blue eyes I had ever seen.

At first Chuck ignored me while the other guy looked at me curiously. "It's all right, Jerry, he's with me. How many guys did you say you had lined up for this afternoon's game? "

"About five or six," the guy responded with a deep voice. "This is Jim," said Chuck, still keeping his eyes on the game on the handball court,

"I'm Jerry," the guy said as he proferred his hand. His hand was hard and calloused, which probably came from lifting iron

I smiled my response and stood there quietly.

"You just get here?" asked Jerry.

I nodded my head, I didn't know how I was supposed to act toward others since Check had not defined my position as

far as his friends are concerned

Clear out of the blue, Chuck said, This is my slave, man, so don't worry about this piece of shit." Turning to me, he clarified things for me in a brutal fashion. "Jerry and I met some years back on Folsom Street in the City, Right now, he's been without a slave since his last one was transferred to Vacaville."

Now, Jerry began leering at me as he surveyed me with more than passing interest, "Did you know Chuck before you got here?"

"No, sir." The "sir" seemed to be proper with this dude. I guess if he was a master, he should be addressed as one.

"Say, man, how about letting me have a little action with him? Since my kid left, I really ain't had a work out with anyone. Tillie's hauled my ashes for me, but, man, she's like a fucking foilet, it relieves you but it sure as shit doesn't satisfy viou,"

A total five a lit 2 occupants for more supplied place

Her sim because the Similar to kell her higher held a way tins it wonny's prosenting only a stranger of y wint's

The first of the f the introduct town in the area see that Challes was inter-NEW YORK TORY TO STEED A BETT ME

Take he many life at the total are a section.

Territor to a compression territorial terr of the is a calle with a major to a poker game is to the c this all, the on diving the roy of this base is off for the day. le wood two ce, 'volgow's imported adamenter by the vorter' the stances to ware the consequence in plet upon colono thours?

As Chuck walked off, Jerry soid "Let's go take a leak be-

fore we head for the chapel,"

The latrine was behind the athletic shack next to the weight lifting area. As I stood by the long open urinal, I realized that I had an urgent need to piss. My cock was half hard, either from expectancy or the need to piss, I watched as Jerry wheeled out his long fat cock. I had trouble starting but Jerry started to piss in a long heavy stream. He grinned at me, as I unabashedly stared at his dong. My own piss started and Jerry directed his flow into mine.

As Jerry finished, he squeezed off the last drops and shook

it toward me, "Think you can handle this?"

"I hone ser vin "

Back Comments

The heavy wooden doors of the chapel were locked, Jerry pulled a key from his pocket and opened it, letting me precede him into the dary hallway. He locked the door behind us and unlocked the chaptain's office door. He led me into the back room of the Iwo-roomed office. This was the chaplain's personal office. There was a desk with two chairs. One side of the wall had cabinets and book shelves. The floor was of cold

anoleum. The foom was dusky because the window shades were

drawn, Jerry closed the door between the two offices,

"OR title is what is the 3 t Step," feet, record is

he perched on the edge of the desk,

I unbuttoned my shirt, pulled it out of my pants and reand the fide of the lattern shelf Nexternally significant shoes and socks. Jerry's eyes followed every move as his hands: kneaded his crotch, I unloosened the web belt from its brass buckle and unbuttoned the levis. They were so tight I had to skin them off.

"I take it that you haven't been into the scene very long,"

commented Jerry,

"No, sir," I barely murmured,

"Speak up when I talk to you," he directed, "Well, Chick too a state by a time a most of the got of from the edge of the desk. I could see his cock was hard as it pressed against his left thigh is et on your knees and grip your hands together behind you.

I knell on the hard linoleum floor. Just naturally, I bowed my head in what I would discover was the classical pose of abjection. My cock stood out, demanding felease, I had not come since the night before and ligured this tough dude wasn't about to let me come. Mentally, I shrugged my shoul-

"Get down and lick my boots, asshole, They am't been

Geaned since my kid left."

Different strokes for different folks, I thought. If this turns him on, well . . . I halfheartedly started licking the toe of his boot and could taste the dust. "Put a little more enthusiasm into it, or I'll bust your ass." I worked up more saliya and took long swipes. The smell of leather filled my nostrils and I found that I really dug it. My cock tose between my thighs, not entirely because of the leather, but from the fact that I was actually being put down, Here I was stark naked, on my knees with my hands entwined behind me, licking the boots of this hunky dude!

in the quiet of the room I could hear cloth against flesh, Jerry was taking off his shirt, "O.K., get up." I had to use my hands to help me off of the floor. When I got to my feet letry was looking at me with fire in his eyes. His hand rose and he slapped me across the face with a force that caused me to reel into the nearby corner. "I didn't tell you to take your hands from behind you, motherfucker." The fury of the attack frightened me. I looked at his powerful arms and hairy

I'm serry six to any different per to, rato quel wallt listwias a minute response to my prought assigned of

"Chuck must be easy on you, but for the time being you're mine and I'm going to punish you." He walked over to me and seized my cock and balls and twisted them until I thought he would tear them off. Could I take him, I wondered, but, then, did I want to knock his cocky block off? Funny thing, the pain of his twisting and squeezing was turning me on more and more.

Releasing me, he asked in a quiet voice, "Do you think you

should be punished?"

## SIT DOWN ON THE TOILET. I NEED A QUICK BLOW JOB BEFORE WE GO TO EAT.

"Yes, sir," I whispered.

"Louder, turd, I can't hear you."

"Yes, sir," I shouted,

"Not so fucking loud, cum-bag, do you want to bring the heat it is too posted." Jerry shoved me toward to error lain's desk. "Bend over, stretch your arms out and grab the

other end of the desk."

lerry removed the wide leather belt from his levis. The belt had probably been made at the hobby shop since web belts were issued by the prison. Standing at the end of the desk facing me, I could see the belt doubled in his hand, but my eyes were more attracted to the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the standard of the heavy cock that was however in the heavy cock that was however in the heavy cock that was however in the heavy cock that was how the heavy cock that was how the heavy cock that was how the heavy cock that was heavy coc

my hack be my discussed the bit to cares the light in my hack be my discussed a whole creek in the assignment of the care of the state of the state

You've got ten strokes coming. I don't futsy around when I punish a slave. I don't want to hear a sound from you until its over and then I expect you to thank me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." I gripped the edge of the desk with my hands because I knew that Jerry was not the kind to play games.

The first stroke came right on top of the earlier one and caused my eyes to sting. Blow after blow fell across my back, ass and thighs, I could tell that he was skillfully avoiding my kidneys. While the blows on the back and thighs were sharp and stinging, his full force was being exerted on my ass. As the last stroke fell, I was sure that one more blow to my issue that the could have taken another whack there.

"What do you say?"
"Thank you, sir."

Standing by my head, he unbuttoned his levis and pulled not his ficials ack and has all head my formed at the conferred head which earned me another slap across my face "You do what you're told. With me you don't take the institutive."

my own but its circumference was almost as big as my wrist. Jesus, I thought, if he sticks that up my ass, he'll tear me cart. Pre-come was forming in the slit of the head like a viscuous dew drop. Where the beating had dried my salivary plands, the sight of his juice was bringing these glands into full play.

"Wash the head with your tongue and catch all the come. I don't want to fuck around too long or I'll have to heat your

ass up again before I fuck you."

My tongue seized the juicy head, flicking the knob with a furor which brought a moan from Jerry's lips. He leaned forward and plunged the shaft into my mouth and into my throat. I gagged because my throat found it hard to accommodate such a huge invasion, Jerry actually had to squeeze it in. This had obviously happened to him before because after he brought it buck into my mouth he made no estort to repeat it. My swiring tungue fe't the clearly defined very

tracing their course along the shaft

From behind some old and worn hymnals on a shelf by his side, Jorry extracated a large unlabeled jar. Laying the jar's cover on the desk, I could see it was tilled to the rim by some kelatinous substance. Jerry dropped his levis around his ankles and wont behind me. Again the belt swished behind me and the few blows fell on my already burning ass. I didn't mind it as much this time because my whole being was centered on his cock and whether I would be able to take it. Jerry laid the belt on the desk by my side. I felt his probing fingers at my assimile his grease loaded thumb entered my schincter as it dispersed the grease and sought the walnut-shaped prostate. My cock hardened between my belly and the hard surface of the desk.

The head of Jerry's cock centered on my asshole and neganits slow penetration. "Loosen up, mother fucker, I don't really want to tear your ass up, but I will if you don't cooperate." Uncontrollably, I fought against the invasion. Even though Chuck had loosened me up with his assault the night before, I just couldn't take this pole. Backing off, Jerry and the following the back in the dock in going to get into you, you can bet on it."

I got up from across the desk and lay back on its hard wooden surface. Jerry had me throw my legs over his shoulders as he repositioned himself. He pulled my ass just a bit with a bit more ease than it had before. The pain shot up my spinal cord to my brain as the cock went further and further, he is a finited of the cock with a bit more ease than it show he the trage for into the

ST Offfice.

Beads of sweat covered both of our bodies as I felt his groin slam against the cheeks of my ass. He's got it all in, I thought in disbelief. As he began his strokes, the pain lessened and I degan to get into the action by rolling my ass, trying to meet his thrusts. "Yeah, baby, feel a man's cock in you. You're so fill the little of the his took would slip out of my hole. It was painful as he jabbed to re-enter my hot, wet chamber. He slapped at the cheeks of my ass repeatedly as the tempo built up, I knew that he was about to come and I lifted my ass to meet each thrust, Just as he began shooting his load, his cock again became disengaged and the chaplain's my back and onto the desk's surface.

Pulling away from me quickly, Jerry jerked me off of the desk and onto my knees. He shoved his dribbling cock into my mouth and milked the remaining come into my mouth, I sucked hard and felt the cock getting softer in my mouth, Shoving my mouth away from his cock, he pulled up his pants

and buttoned them up.

"Look at what you did," he said, pointing at the comeristed deskton "Clain up is much as a building with your mouth." I started slurping and licking away at the come, but I was unable to be it it is a larger towards which she dull film on the surface. "I'll get the rest of it later, since I have to

polish it this afternoon,"

stretched out along its length as jerry began to take my cock into his mouth. As he began to swallow it, I felt the heat of his mouth and the incredible pressure of sucking. I knew that I would not be able to hold off long jerry's blunt fingers sought and squeezed my hard nipples as his mouth applied a suction grip to my shaft. I felt dizzy from the onslaught and my balls tightened in their sac. My ass tightened on my prostate as my balls boiled in their serach for release. As my come began its course, I tried to hold it back but great jets spurted into Jerry's mouth. Jerry sucked every drop into his mouth until I flinched from the abuse of my super-sensitive cockhead.

Releasing my cock, Jerry bent over and kissed me. He dumped my come into my mouth, mumbling, "Swallow it," From the amount he deposited in my mouth, it felt like I hadn't come in a month of Sundays. I guiped the sweet tasting load, just barely able to taste it.

"Get up and get dressed, baby," said Jerry, "You were

great," he continued, "I sure want more of you."

After I had dressed, Jerry let me out of the chapel and I returned to the cell for a nap. Just before lunch, Chuck awakened me for anchologot is some toys to play with to night. I put them down in the clothing shack. How did you like Jerry?"

"Great, sir,"

"Good, he's a friend of mine and I want you to always

treat him with respect,"

I got up from the bunk and washed my hands and face. When I turned back to Chuck, he was standing behind me with his cock jutting out of the fly of his pants.

"Sit down on the toilet. I need a quick blow job before we

go to eat."

# Ine Forecast...

# Hot All



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Hungrily, I started sucking on his cock, I was to learn in the days to come that Chuck was one of those people who could come easily four and five times a night without any real effort, I had no sooner started then a burst of come filled my mouth. As it softened in my mouth, I kept my mouth still, expecting a load of piss to follow, but Chuck jerked it out, saying, "Not this time, baby,"

During lunch, Chuck had little to say, but I could tell that he was looking at me speculatively. I had no idea what he was thinking, so I ate my bologna sandwich and drank my soup.

We filed out of the cellnouse into the yard. As we passed the outer steeled gate, Officer Long brushed against me as he came into the cellhouse. He eyed me curiously, but I thought no more of it as we passed through the crowd of men, waiting for the most part to return to their jobs while those without jobs bunched into a group to go back to the dining room to see the weekend movie.

"Do you want to take in the movie this afternoon?" "That's up to you, sir," I answered. "Are you going?" "No, I'll go tomorrow."

I really didn't want to go without him and I felt sure that are sensed it,

There's a solicit gaine in the chane this affect in a and limit

running it, so I've got to be there to cut the oot,"

Again speculation glinted in his eyes, I wondered what he was thinking about, but I knew better than to ask. We were walking toward the chapel, maybe he would want me to watch. The game.

"Maybe, I can help you."

"Maybe you embat net the will be with Langue with "How's that," I stopped because I expected him to get

angry at my question, "Sir?"

I coring my breach of the slave-master relationship, he said "Well, there'il be four or five other guys there and a lot of tension in the chapel as the game goes on. You might be able to release a bit of that tension."

"How's that," I was repeating myself but I couldn't help it.

"Don't act so fucking dumb," snarled Chuck.

"I – I don't know what you mean, sir "

"Come on," he ordered gruffly as he spotted Jerry standing on the chapel steps,

Clarickly, we entered the aborest up former lick diather us "I brought us a little entertainment for the afternoon's game."

"Great," grinned Jerry, "Man, I want to thank you for this # Folice 18th interflag 1 will do the mind gatting some more. of that,"

"Hey, we're buddies. He's yours to use whenever you want

I felt like a piece of manimate meat as these two dudes discussed me as if I wasn't even there. Neither one asked me if it was alright. They assumed that I had no say in the matter and I guess Edidn't.

"He sure as hell beats Tillie the Toilet, M.n., I think I'd

rather whip my mule than stick it into Tillie again."

"Well, I've been thinking of making him available to the guys who want to use his mouth and ass this afternoon at the me "

"Yeah, that'd be great. Once the word got out among our triends we won't have any trouble getting players for next week's game,"

"I already thought of that,"

I knew they were serious and my cock stirred in my pants, I

hoped they were as good as these two.

"The guys won't be getting here for another lifteen minutes. The work details have to get out and the show guys into the dining room."

Looking at me, Chuck ordered peremptorily, "Strip

haked."

As I took off my shirt, Chuck sat on the edge of the chaplain's desk while Jerry sprawled in the chaplain's swivel chair, Figh an in it up a cogarette while they watched meremixe his. clothing.

"You ever fisted him," asked Jerry.

"No, but I plan to as soon as I get him broken into my chek. Did you get that monster of yours, into him this mit in

"Yeah, man lit's the tightest riece of assilever had

"You ever been fisted, boy," asked Chuck as I folded my levis and stoud before them stark naked.

"Fisted, sir?" my voice expressed my puzzlement at the expression.

In a tone of exasperation, Chuck asked, "Yeah, you ever had a goddam fist up your ass?"

He must be putting me on, I thought, but I said, "No, isr." "I knew it," piped up Jerry. "I think you got yourself a virgin,"

Change Orack retorted. He won't be for very ong." Jerry was stroking his hardening cock with the palm of his

"Take care of the man," Chuck ordered.

I know this firm full it is a southout firm, about the experted his pertuin As I opened his fly, I could feel the throbbing cock demanding release from the binding cloth, I feached in and freed the heavy cock and balls, Jerry stretched his legs out on each side of me. I looked up at him and he said, "Start sucking it."

Moistening my lips, I plunged my gaping jaws down on the shaft. My thrust got the head into my throat and I found I was better able to control my gag-reflex, I started sucking

furiously at the heavy cock.

"How about three packs of eigerettes for a blow job and five for his ass?"

"That sounds fair. How much is it going to cost me?"

Laughing, Chuck said, "It's free to you, anytime you want

"Why don't you rent him out to some of the guys into S&M for the night?"

"Well, I thought of it, but I'm not sure he's ready for that

yet."

"Suck my balls," Jerry directed my head toward his heavy, hims by a large country maskly deneal to their conversation. "I sure would like to be the first to fist him."

"Forget it, man, That's going to be my pleasure. If he's

ever double-fisted, then It'll be you and me."

Are all parters. It graphed my pair and mixed my man that is also to text exception it and double fucked anyone in years, maybe, next Friday we could both of us get our cocks up his ass at the same time.

"Why not." There was a codded rap to the front door of

the chapel, "Sounds like our first player is here,"

I started to move away from the cock, but Jerry fore-

stalled me, "Keep on, baby, I'm about ready to come."

My back was to the office door and I sensed that Chuck In It itemed with some other no piech southwest or not I that that he has been nonly because I want di these new construction will be with war all was

MICHAEL LE DOPTE LO MAIN TO COMPONE

the state of the state of the state of records their settlement the packs for a head job and five for his fine brown,"

"What's he, a freelancer?" asked the first voice He's my fucking slave," said Chuck tersely.

With any luck from the cards this afternoon, I'm going to fall him up with load after load of come, flow about some credit?"

"Fuck you, man," Chuck laughed. "This is strictly cash on

the barrellhead. No cigarettes, no slave."

Just as Jerry poured his semen down my throat, there was another knock on the outside door. Jerry grapped my head and pumped his seed into my mouth while I swallowed load after load. As I got off of the cock, Chuck entered the room with three other guys.

"Stand in the corner," directed Chuck, "hands behind you

and your head bowed."

what must have been a giant of a man approached me and by ratiful radia. I take till I fander self storing at the middle button of his shirt. Grabbing my shoulders he turned me to be a reality of the assert or et all was my spine and caressed the cheeks of my ass. I felt like a horse as he ran his hand over my flanks. Turning me back like a property and an a limit work to me band if Five for his butt hole, three for his mouth, how much to get this off," he said, gesturing with my cock.

Laughing, Chuck said. Two packs, anyway you want to

get it off."

"How much for some heavy S&M," asked a short blackhaired dude leaning against the doorway.

"I'll break anyone's back who damages my property. He's here to strictly service cock or have his cock used."

I was relieved to hear those words. The short dude looked

mean and I was sure that he was aching to really hurt me.

"Man," a guy whom I remembered from the weight-lifting yard that morning asked, "how much is it going to cost to get my ass rimmed, cause I dearly love to have my ass sucked?"

"Not a cent more, I haven't trained him for scat but water-

sports are O.K.

"Will, het's go into the chapel and get the game started,"

said Jerry.

The six men filed out of the room while Chuck stayed beand. The gave will pay the Put the citaraties in the bottom drawer of the desk." His voice hardened as he continued, "You don't put out until you've been paid and you only give then, what they paid for Coarley, the big dial will want to suck your cock for nothing, but you lucking native get two packs from him. Understand? I'll be in now and then to check on you. You can sit on the floor, but I don't want you sitting on the furniture unless a trick tells you to. If you got to take a piss, use the wastebasket." As he walked out, he admonished me, "Don't shame me, or you'll be goddam sorry." Yes, sir."

As the afternoon progressed, I wondered if anyone had much time to play poker, since one after the other came in to either get their cocks sucked or to butt fuck me. The big dude made no pretence about wanting me to do him, since he made three visits to suck me off. By the time the afternoon was over, my jaws and ass ached, but I felt fullilled as well as

Before they left, they all came into the office to express their satisfaction with me. C uck ordered me to lie on the leto cam spreadcaste and all of the men Lick their cocks from take pants and began to pission me. Some aimed their stream toward my hardening cock and halls, while emers directed their pass to my chest and armpits whereas, erry and Chack filed my mouth with a steady stream. As they fin shed pissing they began to life out of the chancle

Alt i the players had left, Chuck grinned at Jerry as he said, "Man, this has been the nest afternoon yet. We made a couple of hundred bucks in canteen. They couldn't keep their mind off the kid. The dudes played with one hand full of cards while the other one stroked away at their cocks."

"Whoore it is all these nacks of butts," whist id lerry as he looked into the lower desk drawer. "There must be in

or 70 packs here."

"Man, I've got me a goldmine,"

"Granto the chip in's provide hid from and take a shower," said Jerry, "We'll let the floor dry off and you can

sp and polish it in the morning.

the hot shower felt just great. Physically, I felt depleted from the repeated assaults. As I began to rinse off, the plastic curtain opened and Jerry and Chuck got in with me. The two men were naked and they began to wet their bodies down.

"Scrub us down," ordered Chuck, I took the soap and ties in to wash my master, afterwards I did the same for Jerry.

"Now, assume the position," directed Chuck,

I found my face in Chuck's groin as Jerry southt entrince into my butt. Jerry's soapy cock made an easy entry into my already complained and stock of this season Chairs showing is cock down my throat. The two men quickly established a tempo which indicated to me that they had done this before. Probably, with Tillie the Toilet, I thought, Jerry started stroking away at my cock, I didn't believe that I could come again, but the thought of two hunky dudes pounding away at my mouth and ass together turned me on.

I felt myself coming as Chuck unloaded in my mouth. As I shot off, my ass gripped Jerry's cock in a death-grip and he unloaded into me while his hands released my cock and

squeezed my hip.

As I straightened up, Chuck took me into his arms and planted a deep kiss on my mouth. His tongue darted into my mouth. I could feel Jerry press behind me, I was being crushed between these two men in a passionate embrace. What a way to die, I thought.

After we had returned to our cell, Chuck and I stripped off and stept until after supper, jerry woke us before lockup so

we wouldn't miss the count.

I was able to discern a change in Chuck's attitude toward me. He was warmer and there was almost a sense of camaraderie between us, but I could not aand would not forget that I was his slave. My servitude gave me my first sense of really be-

longing, maybe not the casual belonging of the straight world, but a more physical and spiritual sense of being, I would always be grateful to Chuck, no matter what happened to us, for showing me where I really belonged — under the heel of a good master!

Again, Chuck kept me naked in the clothing shack, but I had gotten used to my status. The guys who had used me that afternoon came by to exchange their socks and towels and they expressed the horse and a men to thek with a ide me happy Other and State Kales Chack a kind Times could get of next weeks a mean safe's

During ine of the necass Chark a necamay have t run two games at the same time, I figure ten to fifteen guys'll

so a general frame. Think you can handle them all?"

I do my best sir" 1.27 1 12 11 21

As a took the election of shower I have living and Check talk ing in the street By the time light back form two returned to his contact is the pode of failed but in a part of least Charles and, I morrow is it, so a service of the sect I less is ce partier and stell be sell, fill with in-

stalt a way of calous when took my breath away I soes bette than to more I be more to the reads me forred that where to be lift met Cricic trained away from me and went to the look of the value where he extricated a

large paper sack,

"These are the toys I picked up in the Hobby Shop, We're

going to have some fun tonight."

Toys! What the fuck were toys, I wondered. I was so upset about Tillie being in my bed the next night that I didn't have the energy to ask any questions, not that Chuck would have given me any answers.

After we got back to the cell, I stripped naked while Chuck stretched out on my bunk, "Are you hungry?" "Yes, sir." "Good, I got a guy from the kitchen to bring us a thermos of

coffee and a couple of sandwiches each."

As I stood combing my hair in the back of the cell, a tall, lanky hillbilly stopped outside of the cell and handed Chuck a thermos bottle and some wrapped sandwiches.

"O.K., mother fucker, come on over here and suck for our

supper."

The fanks duties taind state is he annull ned his fly and wheeled out his long thin cock. As I crouched at the bars, I could small his dirty crotch and had to control my graiteflex. My stomach churned within me while my cock shrank up against my belly, I looked at Chuck whose head lay against the bars with pleading eyes, "Suck it, or I'll whip you simple," he growled

I grabbed the head between my lips and began to gingerly. suck the long cock. Almost immediately, a burst of come crupted into my mouth. The guy's cock hadn't even got hard. I debated whether or not to swallow it, but I couldn't bring

myself to do it.

I got up and went to the back of the cell. I managed to spit the load into the toilet bowl.

lies, complicate and note with their bibs profested Did you get your rocks off, man," asked Chuck,

'Yeah, but ...."

"Yeah, but, nothing, asshole. You got your rocks and I got the chow. Now, hit it before I make you suck the kid's cock,

Quee, it is all the front of the col, intering inde-

his breath. Chuck just lay on the bunk laughing. Come on over here, baby, and eat," As we ate our sandwiches and drank the coffee, Chuck paused and looked directly at me, "Don't you ever spit a load of come out again,

You swallow all of them unless I tell you otherwise."

"But, sir . . .

Patiently, Chuck explained, "A guy gets his cock sucked, he expects to have his come swallowed, it's part of the trip. So, you swallow every load you get,"

After we had finished eating, Chuck told me to get the

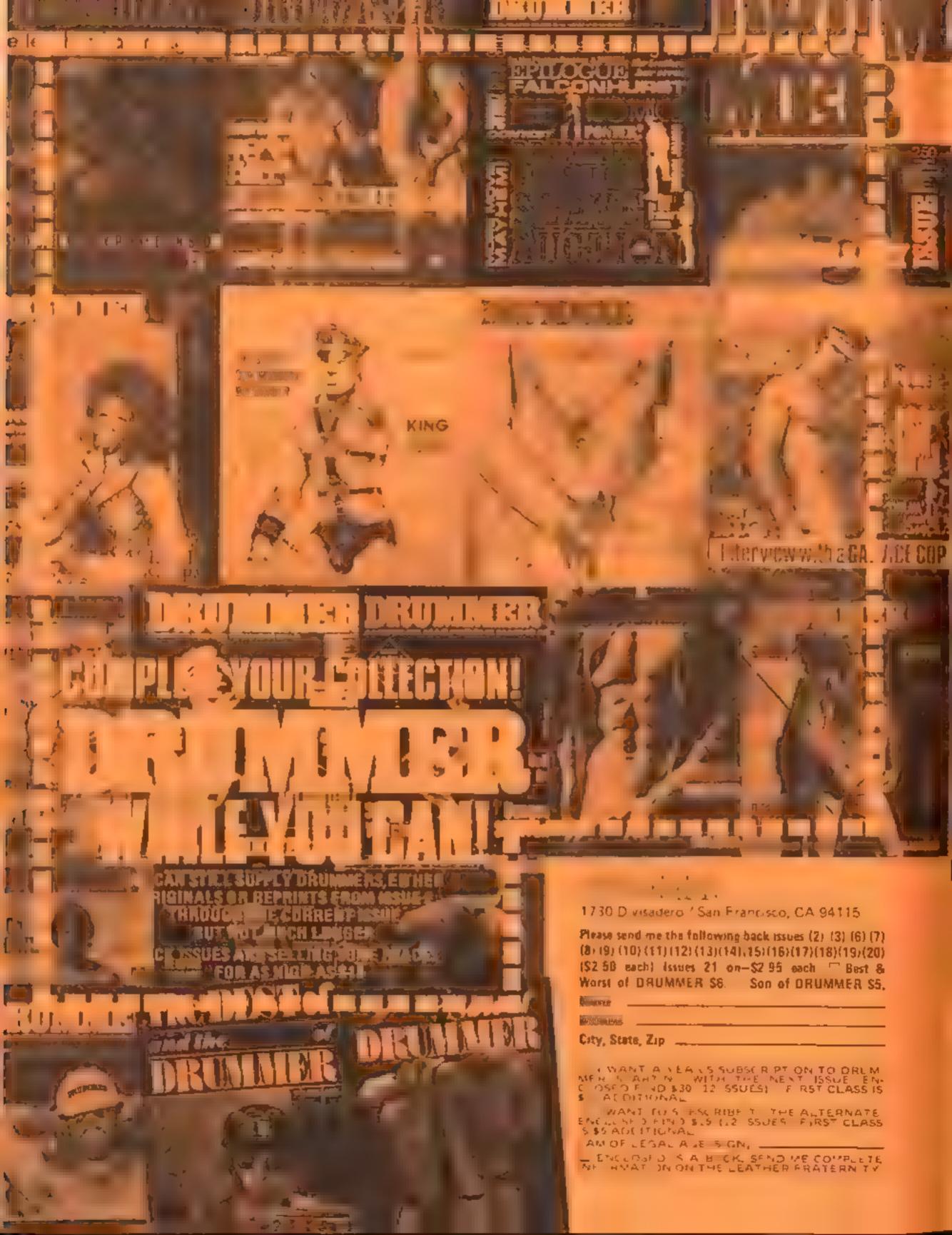
paper sack from behind the bunk,

laking the bag on his criest, he reached in and picled up a piece of leather and lacing, I could see that it was some sort of a hood, only there were no eyepieces, nor holes for the ears. Holes for the nostrils and a slitted mouthpiece were the only access areas.

"This is for you, baby. Once I get it on you, you'll get to

play with the other toys."

to be continued . . .













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# CAUTION The state of particles and processed by the same of the s

Mighet he personalists for munice west to applicationing the law opening and relationships of the series of the se

# YEAH, ONLY 25¢ WORD!

#### DESIDENTESKS

Anyone corresponding with a herbisers must or moly which is a state of the end was in advertisements a motified to make in a body special Countries Possible to a war too about ejy accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

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I declare that I em over 21 yrs, old and that the data miny ad it true and correct, I understand that no proof of ad will he till, ed to me for my approval aid warze all claims regarding activities of reprints till, we so mittaken in the meal for the unders and that Orummar Publications is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person I contact through their publications.

Signature \_\_\_

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My Ad is \_\_\_\_\_Words at 25 cents a word.

You may pay by check or money order,

Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

#### ALABAMA

HANDSOME FUNLOVING LEVI/ LEATHER Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50 Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beerd a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendthips, No fems, fats, drugs, Box 451A

ORANGE COUNTY w/m, 37, mestufine, goodlooking dog seeks coller, chains, and masculing, sensitive Master with good bady, hung, Possible relationship. Details, photo, letter. Box 32, South Laguna, CA 92677.

SAN FRANCISCO, M. 31, 5'5" 130 lbs., muscular, handsome, wants 8&D and uninhibited leather action with a muscular Master who wants total service, Box 146.

OROVILLE M. Canner, 32, 61, 180, white, 6%", knowledgeable, Needs teather Master for life 1 love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M. B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation, I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I em considered good doking, masca he, and need training. I am open and loose for the right mon Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I ym, Piesse, Master, I need you bad B 74 B1E

M, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking slave, firm, sweaty, smooth body seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 158

to train me right. Box 174.

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 This. Los Angeles, enjoys laying leather on back asses. Limits nearly respected. Box 155

GRANADA HILLS, white, 21, nov-

ice slave seeks understanding Master

LEATHERSEX WANTED

LOS ANGELES S. Taurus, 46, 674", 210, white, 9", experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. Bike run, California, Sox CAB202

NORTH BAY AREA W.m. 52, 6'2", 185, If you are the same and love motorcycles, leather uniforms, horses and saudies, tall polished boots and britches, spurs and chrome, then lets ride off together. No freaks, please. Must be very straight appearing and discre-tion an absolute must. Photo please, either mounted or unmounted. Box 3(18A

LOS ANGELES, M. Aries, 38, 6', 145, 7", clean cut, well built, into kinky scenes, tit, cock and ball torture, temporary piercing, music, playroom; seeks virile, masculine S oig balled, older OK, Box LAP301,

MONTEREY AREA Well built, hairy father in 40's needs younger, smooth and thin fellow to on spanked and loved like a son, Box 375C.

OAKLAND, S. Libra, 40, 5'10', 175, white, 7". Knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well equipped with toys seeks slim, submissive pertner to 26. Should be clean shaven, clean cut, Box 052G

SAN DIEGO AREA SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis.

FORESKIN LOVER Libra, 35, 6'2", 165 lbs., 9" cut, white, goodlooking, seeks big uncut cocks with lots of foreskin. I dig sucking, playing, and worshipping what you've got. No age or race hangups, Enjoy emyl. Have fentasy about playing with huge animals, Write R.A.W., Box 11772, Palo Alto, CA 94306

RIVERSIDE AREA, 40, 61, 180 lbk. hard 7", soft belly, sexy face, short nails, wants dender bottoms, especi ally FF, under 45. Also dig watch ing exhibition sts do their thing. BESSE 10

LOS ANGELES, M. Pisces, 42, 6'2", 198 ox, white, 74% opking for a man for love and other things in this area Box 11

ATTENTION SLAVES Dominant goodlooking wim body builder 29 sanks goordlooking, smooth bodies, well-built slave, 18 28 Light S&M, B&D, spanking, Novice ok. Write now, save! Photo to: Mac, Box 162, San Pablo, CA 94806.

TRANSFERRED TO S.F. January, 1979 Oversexed M. 26, 5 10 , 170 lbs. 6% uncut, beard. white, goodlooking, sense of humor together, easy going, seeks together S who will help me expand my varied interests in the S&M scene, Want friends to experience eather, hot sex and conversation. No one-nighters Phone and photo, Box 191.

#### ARKANSAST

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES - Get on your knees and write to this domi-nant Master 6'2", 185 lbs., 8 i in cut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shawing your crotch smooth, pouring piss three your slave throat, bond-qgetting the discipling from you I nemend, FF and letting you know who's bost. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available 8 3x

#### ARIZONA

FULL TIME LIVE IN SLAVE-SON-LOVER Phoenix S, 6'2", blonde, blue eyes, harry, mesculine, muscular, 43 year old Muster, Father, Lover with 6% and huge bull balls, seeks M, 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of dolly training and sax in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No lass, fems, family ties,

hustiers or heavy drugs, Revenling photo with descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

#### CALIFORNIA

SAN FHAULTS HIVEN Hunky w x 27 150 frs. 58 tikk his in even eyes. Cemiral içk gets, into alline of any science with horbrurce I, husky men. No xur or blood, Turned on by Military, jocks, leather, tattoos, dirty talk, body-builders, Send photo & letter to J.C., 660 O'Ferrell, No. 4, San Fran- weys ok, Box 132M. cisco, CA 94109

REPORT TO COMMANDANT US\*ALL STOCKADE Arvan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions IP W/s, S&M, B&D, VA, humitiation, beating leaucasians only) under Military/SS/USMC disc plinary principles and total arro-since. This is serious and as real as fantasy allows, Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor, Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment facitity. Workouts only in prison uniforms of work garb, US\*ALL, Dept D. Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

CRUEL MASTER DESIRED Crual, sadistic w/m Master(s) with SS mentality, drives needed for heavy bondage, suspensions, stretching, whipping, flogging, colonics, torture. You set limits! Only mature, fully equipped need apply. Could you use ma? Bay Area, NYC, European locations Box 701E

LA., ORANGE COUNTY, LONG BEACH. Hot, heiry enemal, 30, turns on to sadistic meet, provides full service to demanding study into Beech, CA 90801.

LOS ANGELES, S. Aquarius, 27 1, 150, White, 6 4", Knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Leviv feather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they if get his Levis and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8.

LOS ANGELES, S. Libra, 40, 51101 155, white, 61, knowledgeable, at tractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for opedient uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fems, fats. Loves sex! Box 133

ORAL SLAVE Fremont, 38, 6.3", Black, 190 lbs., 7", unout, gives sotal oral service, appreciates w/s, dirry talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, licking authole, Looking for White Latin or Asian into having a tol)

slave, should be 18.45, leather, levi-

Must be masculine, Box 491F

LOS ANGELES M. Virgo. 5'10%", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient, Box 182

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6 1 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eaper to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutiliation, physical handicapped. Box 208

VENTURA, SM. 45, 6'3". german 7. Seeks well built over 35 over 8 feet evi or leither domi nunt or passing Am versaring and with ng to learn B x 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M. Pisces, 40, 5'9%", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enamas, servous sex by controlling Master, 3-

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 56", 135 los, solid, muscular, masculine stud, cut. Looking for masculine. stender or muscular man, under 55. White, Not interested in fucking anything that I wouldn't walk down the street with, Box 567C

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp. 39. 5 11", 145, Latin, 7" uncut. An evil. and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing organis, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominate), Must have boat, Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft beilies. Box 318V

FRESNO, CA, W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs, TAIL member 1891, Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enemias, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc. but am not "into" teenie-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks, Box CAY103,

SF, BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 5'4", 130 lbs., straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility), turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put heavy scenes, who know how to use some of his raunchy fentasies into a wild, hot animal. Box 591, Long reality action with compatable buddy or buddles. Box 175.

PLEASE, SIR Wanted: white, hairy, leather Master, 35-60, to teach and love mexperi- 6'4' enced white, 5'9", 155 lbs., 24 yearold, average looking slave. No games, Sincere only Thank you Sir Jim Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO, S/M. 41, 7". Sittle Piew was experience as an Si to sening they say the e Piete a down much a his way with semific small unger 4 5 10 and er rain 6 en downment, dressed in tull cather Bix 136H

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 5'10", 130, White, Bearded bottom for run and/or scat, Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restric-tions, Horst (415) 282-8550, 10 pm to midnight. Other times answering machine Write: Box 101SF

WHITE MASTER, 23, 5'10", 150 7" cul, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve tearn and obey, I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

HAYWARD, M. Capricorn, 39, 6-3 190, 7", Block. Wants to meet white, Latin or Asian maxculing man, 18-45 for total aral service, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, titwork, Face sitters preferred, Photoand Irank letter will get prompt reply, Box 104UC

S. 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut, lookino for white M to 29 goodlooking. submissive, cut, subserveant and mesculine Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 1307

LOS ANGELES SM. 40, 6', 190 Ibs., 8" unout, expenenced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles, Am gentle but firm, respect limits, Not into excessive pain for force. Prefer the experienced Box 318V2

FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs., bearded, orel obedience, bitwork, rimming, humiliation, verbal jockstraps, begging; either abuse, jockstraps, begging; either role. No pain or bondage, Box 64, 537 Junes, S.F., CA 94102

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer drinking eight an area tout mo their der do te with rank ampits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, ratten stinking allots bicks was Eshirts, levis and leather Digs goting pisung shi ind pukeing sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8

HOLLYWOOD, S. Gemini, 55, 5 9" 155, white, 7", novice, will give hard spanking to buns with or without restraint, Like a stern father, I have good hands, pudities and other tays. 3758.

> CIRCA GALLERY Walnut Grove Center 9016 Tampy Ave Northridge, CA 91324 (213) 993-7774

DRUMMER 46

BODYSUILDER Wall-muscled stud, 5'10", 200 lbs., wants other very muscular dudes or super-tall types for wild times, Photoappreciated, Box 108

DOING IT IN 501'S Clean or rounchy (much preferred) Also have complete leather. White, 45, 140 lbs. R L., Box 14551, Long Beach, CA 90803

GENERAL RANCH HAND Needed to work 500 Ac ranch/ form Must be hairy, active, looking for lether figure. I'm 50, 5'10", 190 lbs. All scenes possible. Photo and phane Box 24

KINKY FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs, w/m fooking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person. or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spank ings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other expertances, Box 162

LUS ANGELES MS LOO 26 5 11 110 his white B out place hair that eyes mustiche good agking ni nismoker, frinker, iknowledgeable from a far time black out or name who needs a good looking experienced, hasou no eather topman to let 40 to to lot my desires to warn, so ye, respect and livye a manwho is secure with his position of real man who knows what he wants and how to take it, No heavy S&M. fats, or fams. Photo please, Sir. Box 117.

LONG BEACH AREA unduts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 150 bs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hat w/m. Dig hat, sweaty man action, any race used beer, raunchy cocks, Hot cuts unfer 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510 Rick (213) 434-6554

N. Hollywood, w/m, 33, 6', 155 lbs., to show the problem to be trace for shi est into Johier Cathor & do is seeks same type for top for hot Gr on and warm raps. Beards, mus-No pain or scat. Photo and letter "I you gets ome or to exact on Ly Box 9151 N H year 1 C +4 + (1) 19

\* AND "I navice 54 5.7 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, in all looking for hairy man un tier 50, white, with good build, into t cha a we no never their "wortant Looking for variety er reciences, Box 16.

ORAL BODY SLAVE tecks master, 21-40, for obedience, rimming, verbol abuse, tit play, humiliation, lantasy. No S&M or Gr. Box 98, 537 Jones St., S.F., CA 94102.

SACRAMENTO/SF, remember the high of passing in the forest or mountain meadow? Do it here! Leather, longhaired bearded farmer, bottom but vertable, seeking man for high times. 3 hours east of SF Tom. Box 109, Mt. Aukum, CA 95656

SAN DIEGO/LOS ANSELES, M. 46, 5 9%", 180 lbs., 7" cut, pierced. Leather, Levi, Prisoner type slave Into S&M, B/O, tit/cock/ball torture, suspension, endmas, ball stretching, shaving, seeks stern Master over 35 for evening/weekend training, Box

S.F. BONDAGE ANIMAL Smooth, slender body to shave, pass n torture abuse public non a tion. Hoods masks prowaged bondage, suspension. Box 13.

SAN FRANCISCO S 23, 58", Lao, 165 lbs., built and sadistic, into giving excruciating genital pain 10 Other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, pust real pain, (415). 864-5566

ORIENTAL MASTER San Francisco, S. 34, 5'9", 140. Ovental, 7", Hot looking in full leather, like dirty talk, giving tit work, but also well-educated, sane, inward. Wants goodlooking, mastuline white M in chaps for sex and intelligen conversation afterwards, Photo, Box SFL210

MONTEREY AREA

MS, well built, 40s, w/m desires to meet clean, dominant, hairy, discreet w/m who is macho for getting it on, No young, forms or druggles, Bax 96

SAN FRANCISCO, Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs, 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs, dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29" waist, solid. handsome, and together; into restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, general S&r11 Genuine by type rivers and good taking men into sexuasensum as n on the chest and nuts. car 415 864 5566 10 am to 10 pm West Coust time only

SAN FRANCISCO M 26 59 150 bs, white good boking masca. line, boy shi novice needs harv, ruscular Mister strong and decent enough to make mollespect and obey him it have a fight ass, follow orders is the outdoor sports. Might take on more than one. Box 22.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY / L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., goodlooking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, Lundage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, W/s, Outdoor scenes, uniforms, All attended to see you desire bit has heavy pain or seat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mastache but not necessirily Bix 127

SCAT PHOTOS WANTED Goodlooking S. 43, will buy asplicit scat pics of bere-essed humpy it in Shorts or parits find " A kir just plan o open asshores Pos the ever exchange with your phi to, Into all low-down raunch scenes except Saint Box 95

MANTED A MASTER who owns a motorcycle, is into I be over a feet to " white and 21 50 years old, Will obey orders good. Bax 91,

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to. John, 433 Douglass St., S.F.,

INTO ELDERLY Sen Francisco M, 5'10", 173 lbs., 38, uncut, harry, into infantilism, spanking, wheps, humiliation, verbal abuse, slapping, boots, C&B work, enemas, smoking, kinky scenes Wishes to fulfill fantasies with mascular line, dominant, arrogant and experienced S/Daddy/Master to 80. Discretion assured. Permanent relationship possible. Photo gets mine. No rate switching, fams or phonies, Retired policemen welcome, I have a bad report card, Box 26

ERECTION DEMOLITION Expert 30 seeks work Heavy ft play my specialty. Dark haved and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS! LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS

TWO MASTERS 6'1", 170 lbs., 26 and 6'2", 165 lbs., Anglo dude, young, slender, fair, build proportionate to height, Experience not as important as submissive state of mind. If you KNOW you were born to serve, write NOW, only Box 76

EAST BAY NEWCOMER WM, 36, 6'1", 185 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, full tren beard, week end athlete, Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes . . . yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests. by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. 8ax 165

USE MY MOUTH & ASS 30, masculine, blond, 6 9", 145 lbs. into very tight pants, want hot verbal funit, Not a slave, but close, You need it, you got it. Will drink, lick, smell, work out, I give it too. Use me. No fakes, fats, fems, uglys, filing me after 9.30 pm, real late is cool (213) 663-6713, Rigg, Write, Box

LOS ANGELES SM Capricorn 45 5.11 175 bs 6 raunchy guy digs it dirty, top or bottom. Vulual suik ing facking passing shatting by F.F. or fall No phote no answer Box 143

JUCK STRAPS turn you on? Hot all year old Southern Cardennia dude wants to

get together with you and show if off in a straining jock strap. Will exchange ripe jocks and photos with all, Must\_really let off on locker room sex. Travel C.S., mostly New York, West Coast, Germany Portugal R M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA 92663

SAN FRANCISCO, 28 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night stands. Seek similar, prefer unout, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, w/s. Can assume either role, depending on partner. No stet, drugs, paint. Box 171

LAGUNA, S. Aquerius, 36, 6'4" ex jock, 210 lbs., seeks generous mature slave who appreciates a heavy-duty, experienced, discreet master. Your scene combined with mine to let you freek out. Advanced or beginners. Tough but safe. Equip ped Peter (714) 494 4871.

OROVILLE, M. Cancer, 33, 6', 180 white, 65", knowledgeable Needs and need kinky scenes, mild S&V B&D, am into w/s, scal fantasies humiliation, I must serve my Meste in leather and boots, I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master, Fantas esmixed with a little reality is where am. Please, Master, 1 need you bad Sox 81E

MY SCENE OR YOURS S&M fantasies realized with attrac- My hose is ready to burst. Box 178 tive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s, When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 51, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot swesty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 lk. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510 Rick (213) 434-6554

MONTEREY PENINSULA Hunky 40s, reedy to serve. You call the shots by writing flox 4413, Carmel, CA 93921. SAMURATWARRIOR

46, accepting applications for slave, uncut, goodlooking, has fantasy build proportionate to height. Ex- about dominance by Samural warrior, Reality would be for an Asian, hopefully Japanese dude, taller than my 5 10", stender to muscular, to No j/o letters, one-nighters, Serious stride into my life in caremonial robes, nakéd underneath, brandishing traditional Samurai sword. Would humbly bow and serve. Others with same or similar fantasy encouraged to write, share, explore. Photos? Box 176

> FHAZIER PARK A Taurus 40 5 11 15 ts white 7 hovice hot handsame mus unne burram servis sensitive massiume nursey old hand nearly into est play Should have expertise with issued to in its No fems, fats, pain for its own sake.

> NAKED SPANKINGS IN L.A. True novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs., 6" cut, buard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age Make the squirm and serve. No FF. blood. Send details, Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuvi, CA 91409

> MATURE, MASCULINE W/M. 47, 63" 275 viole healthy, experienced wants con aut with men near my are 30+ only CB's bilers comboys reply to R K , Box 905 Oakview CA 93022

S. w.m. 28 6, 165 lbs, tanned and very handsome, To seeks Jülptus senior slaves with oversized worked on cropiles, to worship and serve my cock and ass, drink piss, massage my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both afterwards. Recent full front photo required with letter detailing qualificottons Box 138

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7" 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, mesculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizzare without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M Box 162

SAN FRANCISCO, M. 31, 5'8" 135 lbs., 8" cut, Novice with intelligence, adaptibility, perception, Into a variety of scores looking, for partners, white, to 40, tailer than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable and exciting, No drugs, heavy drinking, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

#### CONNECTICUT

1.14 STIC S Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 to white 8", old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50 No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329

PERRIER LOVER New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 135 bs., cut, socks slave, 21-45, into w/s

STAMFORD AREA Would like to meet guys for sex and friends in the nearby area, Must have your own place. Cell Anthony (203) 325-2364.

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs., Concer, leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/O, S&M, W/S, and tit work. Heavy leather scene but respect limits. Macho sex partners must know how to serve in Gr and Fr action, Box 51E

> **BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE** FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

YOUNG BLONDE

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole, if you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr., I am your guy, Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A

GREENWICH, S. Cencer, 45-5'11". 160, White, 6. Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather toys, seeks macho partner who knows how to serve No phonies, lats, fems. Box 051E

#### **IDISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M. 38, 5'11", 170, White, 6", Handsome, muscular, lean. Run. Work out, Interested similar type 5, 25-45 Box DCS101.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sagittarius, 33 5'7", 130. White, 10", Knowledgeable, Very Interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fems, fets, long hair, body odor, Box 0840.

WASHINGTON slave, Segittarius, 54 5 6%", 168 lbs., white 6". Retishes being subservient to decent joud tooking Master who is since elandings a sense of humor. Piece is an term so no term a red heads he y biodies 8 ox 7.75

#### FLORIDA

Clean, sexy very attractive GW, mesculine, 29, wants to explore biness through young white couple(s) /group, Prefer F (18-28), M (21-38), firm body, together heads, attractive, professional, discreet, friendly, fun, No drugs, smokers, 80, bed teeth, etc. Nice, modern perverts only Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hislesh, FL 33011.

TOUGH MUNK MEN sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Nar-cissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy pas games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or mesculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white,
6", masculine, muscular stud seeks
boot and uniform buddles into police
and military scenes, Butch studs only
with boot, uniform fetish need apply,
Real motorcycle cops and military
men a plus, Discretion assured
Uniformed photo and phone. Box
201FLW

Musical main, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/m, 18-25, 80x 20671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

When in South Florida cell (305) 324-5754 for a good slave, Man over 25, heary, muscular, macho only need call

COCOA BEACH, S. Capricom, 59 5'6", 165, White, Knowledgeable, Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360

JACKSONVILLE. M. 39, 6', 160 lbs., 7%", white, seeks mesculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, I/o, piss, scat fentasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, jocks. Photo and frank fetter for reply, Box 405C.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS! LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS HIALFAH SM. Prices, 32, 58
165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built in 23 not in Martinor Ft. Lauderdie. No ferrs, fats, long hairs. Box 009

LAKE WORTH, SM, Prices, 36 6'1", 175, White 8", Old hand, Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is don't have shall be a 180x 1251

ST. PETERSBURG, S. Virgo, 28, 6-4", 170, white, 6%", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with affection, Seeks mutual satisfaction, Must act mesculine, be lean, handsome, Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179

NORTH PALM BEACH, M. 26 6'5", 195 lbs., 7", white wast dominant master to keep me in him Discreet and masculine. I will serve willingly. S&M, B&D, wis, boots, humiliation, all ok, Please, Sir, I need a good spanking. Box 142

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levs, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweet, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys, Box 59,

FT, LAUDERDALE male really turned on by Movie Mayhern series wants to meet or correspond with persons similarly turned on, Box 97

#### GEORGIA

seeks firm-bodied, macho males for correspondence, photo and curtilled bikini exchange, I am turned on to all kinks with firm, mecho males. Mike, 80x 658, Stone Moun-

#### IDAHC

tain, GA 30086

80/SE, SM 44, 67, 158, uncut 7" Into spreadeagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D, No fats, scat, herry Box 062F8

TRAVELING DOMINANT
S, 36, 5'11", 200 Ros., husky, 7"
cus, looking for willing bostoms or
intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny, No fats, fems, w/s, drugs, or heavy pain, Interested in possible vacation/ski bud dies, Sox 18

#### 1LLINOIS -

CHICAGO, M. 26, 5'11", 165 fbs., 6%", novice seeks intro to B&D w/s, light S&M, Gr., Fr., w/aroma, 25-35 Gregg Yarbrough, 1525 W. Estes, Chicago, IL 60626.

SLAVE White male slave, 26, needs experienced master, 30-50, heavy prolonged bondage, rope, leather, gags, masks, mummification, w/s, servitude, spanking, heavy mental trip to develop training in Chicago Area, Box 114.

W/M SEEKS LONGJOHN/umonsuit guys Into 8&D, humiliation, in boys underweer. Jay H., 450 Sr er No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8.4" unout, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over Box 3088

WANTED SALVE

No week-end, or overnights. For title of obedience and servitude. Age in important, into all scenes except scat, Call collect (312) 743-4506, giving operator your name as slavey, or write 80x 665F.

Then I may want you for my per sonal slave. Send name and case of the details, or call Mark 11. 642-0902. You will serve, travel, and lead a luxurious lifestyle with me. Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6 1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21—35, obedient, and know his place. No fets. Box 181P.

PASSIVE W/M, 47, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks RIGHT male to service tho master, just buddy). Am into horses, seddles, cheps, boots, trooper uniforms, lock straps. You need not have all interests, 50% or better, please write, I seek beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dude 45 or older into getting rimmed, spitting & pissing, farting, shitting, pukeing, and spanking. If you are a body builder, any age, and desire to be wretched and admired by non-athletic guy, write John, Box A3200, Chicago, IL 60690

CHICAGO, Scorpio 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7%" uncut, white, completely mexperienced, Willing to try any thing with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wents a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate pertner, Should be well built with body hair. Box 160

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5.8. 155, slender but muscular build Prefer someone in their 30s, to at least 6', well endowed, muscular, suggedly goodlooking, havy chested if possible. While 3 am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weekness, 80x 58.

CHICAGO AREA
22, 5'10", 190 lbs., straight acting appearing, thy novice needs gradual but firm training in bondage and submission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No test, shaving Photo appreciated, Write: Box 156

CHICAGO, M, 8'3 175 tos 23 8' cut, semi-muscular, goodfacking brown hair/eyes seeks m scular short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience, Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority, Box 3098

CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other strong, musculine types with love of leather, levis, boots, Light S&M, w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred 8ox 405A.

Chicago, M. 23. 6'3", 180 lbs., 8" cur, athlesic, lean, muscular, handsome, into 8&D, S&M, levis, leather heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rug god Master who wants me spread engle so he can use me ony way he wants. Expand my limits. Box 3098

CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 6', 155 lbs., looking for action, especially fucking and bondage. Send photo and phone to: Box 113.

147 is while 6 butch bridy usite 46 chest 14 arms harry chest, tattoo; new to S&M, into levis, boots, wrestling, seeks muscular, butch study into leather, levis, croars, wrestling. Am aggressive, tend to dominate and attracted to same will switch roles if you're man enough to get me on bottom, Sand photo & phone to Jim, Box T-24 323 \$ Franklin Blvd., No. 804 Chicago, H. 60606.

its write knowledge versitie muscular, having stop seems partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats Box 159M

CHICAGO M, 6.3", 175 lbs., 23.8 cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown heir/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6" over 8" in leather, tevis, Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority, Box 3098

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 61", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and know edgeable, 7" cut. Hendsome body builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential save should be submissive, 21-35 obedient, and know his place. No feta, Box 181P

CHICAGO M. Aries, 29, 5'10". 175 lbs., white, 7" knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 1862.

EVANSTON, S. Scorpio, 46, 5111175 lbs., white, 61, knowledgeable Turned to hymon, heavy boots and wants to elikuth same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, no fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25

SLAVE OR MASTER?
Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 fbs
blue eyes, heavy chest, give/take
fucking bondage, light S&M Clean
cut seeks same for one week mopassionate love affair. No fems, fats
drugs. Send photo and phone. Box
2818

McHENRY, M, 25, 8.8°, 195.7' Seeks muscular, rugged, masculare Museum who was expect photographs and reward worship, 1 know 1 was born to serve. Box 058

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, 6'3", 220 lbs. uncut, short goatee, levis and boots. I like to french and lick husky, bearded clean studs 25 45 Must be very mascuine. Big soft belief a plus Caren to other scenes if not too kinky. No skinnies or young Absolute discretion assured. Photo and phone, Box 144.

#### INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S. Libra, 36, 6' 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master heavy into S&M, bondage, humilia-

tion with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination, Box 1376

#### 0

EASTERN IOWA, Novice M, w/m. 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., would like to meet and serve leather & levi masters in area. Nice build, Into taking cere of all master's sexual needs, w/s, B/D scal, S&M, if limits respected. Box

#### KANSAS

HAYS M. Aries, 33, 65", 200 white, 7", good body, hairy, bear fed, boot and leather lover, knowedgeable, seeks big, heary moster 25-45, into leather levis, w/s, 8&D ocks and boots. No heavy S&M. FF, or fema. Bikers, policemen truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome Box 375K

TULSA KANSAS CITY Goodlooking, Tevi, White battom man moving to area in Fall Seeks topman, secure in who he is uncut, trim, freewheeling, Box

#### KENTUCKY

BEST MATCH WITH BI 46, 160 lbs., 5'10", 6" cut, leks Render, young, bisexual partnors with average endowment or more, Experienced 4s top or bottom B 1x 960KY

BEST BET &C 46 year old w/m, topmen, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate. ilso topmen, both very strict, street wite. Have openings for slaves. No auportance necessary. No fats or tems Box 96 /

#### LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, S. Virgo, 30 5'9", 150 fbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach rice. Enjoy leather, tit action Write Must be discreet, Send name 1 Tone number, photo if possible. Kox 6668

NEW ORLEANS. White, 22, 6'1' 150 lbs., student, total novice needs naster for training Responsible. usculine men, please, 6207 Perrier NO., LA 70118

MARVEY SM, Leo. 42, 6', 215 bs., white, 7', novice, Firm but gentie, understanding of partner's · 01/0 slikes. Seeks similar into roletwitching. No fems, drunks, Box

NEW ORELANS, 14/m, 30, 5'9". 5, 6", novice, seper to learn from muscular, honest, clean, hung, gentlever firm partner Box 7018

BATON ROUGE, S. Leo. 28, 5'10' 170 lbc, white, 8", knowledgeable Good top man anjoys satisfying blave s real desires. Must be at least 8" manualing Box 470' B", masculine, Box 47W

LAFAYETTE, couple Arms, 28 5 10", 170 lbs., white, 7 and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discrees, masculine, jocks. What's your scene?

#### MARYEAND

WEEKEND SLAVE Couple IS: 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and M: 32, 150 lbs., 6') need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite 8&D. S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147

#### MASSACHUSETTS

S. Aries, 42, 5 10", 150 tbs., white, 5", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bundage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to public shaving and being owned. WASPS welcomed; discretion as sured, long-term relationship possible Box 253

BOSTON, Virgo, bottom, 30, 6'2" for B&D, light S&M, submission I'm a novice but can spot a bullshitter across the room, Photo gets reply Box 149

BOSTON, 2 guyr, 30s, Sr 5'9", 150 lbs., into leather, rubber, w/s etc. M 6', 165 lbs., into rubber in fantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MAP

#### HICHOGAN

TAYLOR MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10" 165, white, 6'5", Novice, Eager to earn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally, Box 261

FARMINGTON 5 VINO 73 56 15 Wie 8 Kn wesse tle Film Mister demands obedient expergmental slave. No bous 'au dominants, Box 0520

SM - 26, Scorpio, 7", 6 1", 230 Adaptable to many situations, Willing and able to please. Box 101MIM

Thumb-gree professional, interested in all things. Has head together and willing. Discretion and confidence assured. All enswered Box 87

#### MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN, 40, 5"11", 168 lbs., wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must, No. fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box

SLAVE

W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master, I'll do most anything short of real pain, Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

#### Missouri

KANSAS CITY M Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/effection from dominant Master, Dig muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced, Box 6670

ST LOUIS, KANSAS CITY Oominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8%", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits, Into S&M, B&D. w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your raply. Will call when I am nearby and avail able, 80x 3066

ST LOUIS, S. Leo. 31, 5'9", 210. SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, White, 6", Knowledgeable, Demands 6'1", 154 lbs., 7%" uncut, experi-strict obedience; will punish any in- enced, seeks same. Can pick up on fraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to fate and Rink 745

YOUNG NOVICE

17 1 5 6 col link nation muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover Am clean cut honest quiet inteligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30.45, good build tung and no me a pather Turn or to hig hands, Box 667D,

#### new Jersey

GAY IN NEED OF FRIENDS? The Egyptian, a private club, offers a

referred ambience which includes p shistered has graduated one versation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous, For additional information call (2011-295-4900)

TRULY AN OASIS LOCATED IN CENTRAL **NEW JERSEY** 

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY W/M. 38, 6'2", 185 harry knowledgeable Toda no aminost ad appear of Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25.35, for permanent live in relationship. Musculti body a plus W ling to train himits. No hard or rull shuff No drugs, fats, fems or phonies, Box

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32 5'8", 160, 7 cut. Blande hunk seeks being controlled, Prefer Moster in total leather Seeks butch looking out dominant hat on care of a be bestoom as well. Box 201NJ.

JERSEY CITY, M Libra 34 6 16, y + 14 b Now Co., Have on joyed light leather bondage & spanking while spreadeages. Ready for in himmy was divisited who was to me in that position to he can use me any way he wents & let his friends use me too, I'll serve as third to Master and slave, Can get into Manhatten easily Box 101NJ.

BELLVILLE, W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular a y, wants same w/m's only, lossesses 16-33 1 hove 16" arms 44" chesh cause y too man into some leather Self body worship and should vour scane? I am straight Indiving & acting, construction worker, and am o king for a man like myself, No bullshit. I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I have discos, opera and the so-culled line arts. I am not a typica gay, so if you are, you can fuck off if you think we'll hit it off, write 80x 299, Bellville, NJ 07109

Hot men do hang out in the forests and mountains of Sussex County, Northern NJ. In bed weather, saunes and fireplaces go full steam. In good weather we visit Long Beach Island above Atlentic City. If you enjoy smoke, music, photography, and hot vertal to sex with two goodlooking Pere 42 Alpine Trail, Sperts, NJ 07371

Slave turns on to cigar smokers. Am 29 5.9°, 155 bs. 7° Enjoy men in uniform boots rubber and other kinky scenes. Vril give special extention to coos, truckers guards Expand my limits. All replies answered Your photo gets mine Trave East and West Coasts. My pleasure to serve macho men and clark D. Schindt Box 209, S. Pia nileid NJ 07080

partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muse par med or well endowed No. fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger factling than about 40 Prefer white no facial hair. Box 15

NJ/NYC, w/m, 5'11", 182 lbs., 6%, 40, topinen experimenting with bottom role, Into jocks, toys, oil, , o piecing enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young light white bodies, Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated, Box

TIT TORTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB Guys who are turned on by ut torfor topics But Hughes Box 333 Lynchurs, NJ 07071

#### **NEW YORK**

GENINE 41 63 stender good hody 6 tattoo teeks versatile partners, Aminovice in both stances Box 452A

Wilm staye, 35, Capiticarn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bendages, etc. Into enemas, Looking fur together guy who is also affectionate Into total bundage elestyle. Am 5'10", 165 lbs. Box 107

LAZY REBEL Needs boot camp training, Datails when properly demanded, Box 12

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age ony race, I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs everage good asks Not into S&M or any kind of fixed roleplaying. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, prease Bux 238 Down stans, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011

NY C MASTER 31, 517 , 135 lbs., 6%" cut, goodlooking, seeks dog slave to get down and worship, Must have obedient mouth and hole. No lets, fems. No into heavy S&M BON 94.

New York M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut J M C., Box 28, Shirlet, NY 11967

FORESKIN STRETCHING Chek torture, foreskin chewed Trim Deard 6 195 lbs. 49 NYC sub-

NIPPLE FREAK

Wants to meet correspond exchange photos etc with guys nto their tits. If he are big and a ways in need of hot workout Into any kind of sit scene hot to work over other guys rippies, and dirty talk. Box 20

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS or your pad, which ever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5%" cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, ruggod studs who like to be worshipped oppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on, I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from bigcocked metters. No fats or fems, Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer a. Box 95

NYG, 38, 6'10", 160 lbs., white, 7", dark hirsute, mustached, seeks in-tense asshole sex (FF inclusive) with intelligent, aggressive Orientals, 35 to 45. Dig long scenes from both sides. Reciprocal, adventurous, looking to break ground. No fems, fats, fakes, scat. Box 27.

#### **NEW YORK**

GREENWICH VILLAGE, 28, 6'2" 155 lbs., blande bodybusider, 10%" thick and uncut, Fantastic secs, super buns, seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over mg. Leother, levis, groups, wet and willing, insatiable and without any lamits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want, Box 118

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W/M, 6:3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shapped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long ht workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for threesomes, Box 4519.

NYC/NJ. Libra, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7", seeking a macho leather topman for regular hot sessions, Like B&D, prioke amyl Clean. Photo preferred Box 190

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, stender, will do anything for the mescutine male who is turned on my my type, Box 290X

LEATHERMASTER Albany, 32, 5.8%", 165 lbs., 7", harry; seeks eager slave with hot mouth and ans, Hespect limits, Send letter of submission with photo and phone, Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany, NY 12210.

Will the bondage Master interviewed by Jook Fritscher in Drummer No. please contact w/m, 35, 5'7' 130 lbs, Think I meet qualifications! Have decent body, good head, am willing to be sensual, am vulnerable and want to try something new. Box 161

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6 3", 175 lbs. handsome muscular masculine Irish-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantisty; changeable, adventurous Should be over 30, taller than 5 10'. and not fat. Box 452A.

MANHATTAN 25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks level-headed guys into same, Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife Box 154.

HOT WIM TRAVELING TO BOISE. Memphis, Minneapolis and Cincin-nati, 33, 617, 175 lbs., what do you want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave., ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7" everage equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY 10018

NYC PHOTOGRAPHER wents young, clean-cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions, Pay or photos possible, Send age, photo to: Box 574 R. Downsteirs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011,

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM W/m, 30, 6', good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache a plus but not necessary, Into FF, w/s, tit work, some B&D with right top. Aware heads appreciated, Could expand limits over a period of time with right top. Box 148

NYC UNIFORM MAN, MS, 30, 6' 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boo s seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people Reply with photo and phone Borobd/c

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER Trim, 40, requires guy who understands as whiston and service #1 contains an in prepared and anxious. to bare his ass and bend his back in my service out of strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined, Box 451T

SUPER HEAVY S&M Way out and wild S&W given to hat young slave by brutal, well-equippe I

Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to. Box 12 H, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St. N . . . . . 1 1670

Goodlooking, white, 34, 5111", 160 lbs., needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worth p, beg and grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky scenes, 8&D, w/s, tit play, shaving etc. Send photo & phone number AI, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022

SILICONE Want to hear from men into silicone injections for huge meet. Exchange of as and phytics Can travel Box

SIT ON MY FACE You big burly guys or short stockys. plant your hunky leveleather a seson my asseating face and mit my talented tangue/mouth do the rest I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6', and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Pocs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald-guys are surn ons. Call (212) 684-3582

6 St AL is insual I/o with ho, him frome muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo \* Box 43, Midtown Station, 154 10 x 14 1 43

MATURE SCATMAN wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build, Unioenced in water sports, C&B work tit work, ass worship, sloopy animal action. Freaky pendals welcome. Trade smelly jockstraps & photos, in Monastian Box 281A.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND SM. Taurus, 43, 5.9", 172, White, 6" Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible interior cress, in 1993 tuby aware of risks and dangers, wishes to fulfill lift fantasies with masculine, discreet clean, unselfash partner to 48. No fems, fats, freaks, takes Boy 1858. takes, Box 185R

NEW YORK S Taurus 44, 6'. he y slave with a se once on k. Must be knowledgeable, clean, Box 153P

VISUAL J'O is visual I/o with hot, handsome, muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo to: Box 43, 1/ drawn Station New York, NY 10018.

FLUSHING, SM. Taurus, 43, 5 8". 180 White, 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch part ner. Will switch rules for right per son, No fems, blacks, Box 052H.

M 45 6, digs dirt or any kind of group or single, day, weekend or longer, scarological scenes in durigeon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse of cow stable, or what have secure but loose restraints for B&D. tit and balls. Black or white, any age over 21. Like to have pictures taken. Picture furnished, Box 4058

BUFFALO, W M, 25, 5 4 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Lookin for levi wearer/ leather lover, 21 6, into S&M and distration, Box 404BNY

MANHATTAN, Mature Brack, Score socks mature, white, French active, not fat slave - my portable glary bole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R

NASSAU COUNTY SM. Taurus 45 , " 172 6" uncut, White Knowm' pable imaginative in either rale Scott serious, macho enable inpartner to 48 with reasonable andurance, into S&M, spreadcagle borndage, dog disc in ne. No extremes. Limits respected in panded. No fems, tats, fakes, Box le R

BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6-170 White. Cherokee Indian, 7 uncut Knowledgeable body building, in est 1 /51 iss slave needs is mireting of the in-No role switching, scat, shaving, Box

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN Filt ein ein seitze men ein Hip booted, germested w/m, 25, 5'7' maks you for heavy 1/0, piss and friendship. Must own and truly love heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, raingear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662 0447

ARNIE! Young gays over 16 1 m x x = k r x talian, married, 29, v ros 1 4 lives pror Sta Br. Yindet

CIGAR SMOKING STUD, bearded, tattoo, 37, 67, 170, 8", into uni-FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can Travel Box 451

"IPPLE AND PEC FREAKS W m, 6'3", 37, 51" cher 1000 pess cone shaped tits that were unit enough, wants to meet hear from heavy chasted, big bitted 2011 1 10 long tit workout sessions. Limit s ur repple fantasy. Chest pic isers mana-Heavy titted torso from a service for three-somes, Box 451B.

NEW YORK 45 M 58" tend tettoos, motorcycles, in the his his test 21 St., New York for 1 (0) 1

PARIS/NEW YORK SM very handsome blond German 34.53 was bont, in scatter in tot leather, is moving to NYC and seeks interesting leather study in NY area, and all over the USA. I'm quite active, but also like to submit, but only to butch study interested of bondage humiliation, submission and down to earth, then you won't be a sappointed at all Enjoy uninhabited, hot leather sessions. Photo and detailed letter, if possible. Box 140,

GYMJOTK

Gym sock lock wants to rent Levi 1/o buddy Send photo. Box 414, 166 W 21 St., NYC, NY 10011,

FRESH MEADOWS M. 34, 175. Taurus, White, 6' Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction, I can take orders. Floride blue-eved German seeks anything but drag, Box 052H.

NYC, w/m, 36, 5 8", 150 lbs., eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Master. Please respect and exable, well-built w/m to 47. Also, Westchester County and Southern CT. Box 759, 166 West 21st St., NY 10011.

NEW YORK, M. Aquanus, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners, Likes erbel abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, cleancut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on, Box 220K

**ITALIAN NOVICE** Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whotever he wants. Am 38, 5'9'

6%" uncut. You should be over 35, into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 665E

EX MARINE Early 40s, making up for lost time Interested in masculine guys for rough and ready relationship. Dig levis, boots, leather, sweaty lock straps and other athletic gear to ag nite fantasies, Box 701F

NEW YORK M. Aquerius 38 5'8", 145, white, 7", malculine 3 to obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave tisked and spreadeagle and teady to service him and his buddles, Box 070T.

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CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards 5 role, seeks 26-35, up to 6°, white, under 200 lbs at least 6" for further experimentation, Box 665H

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PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue syes, 6.1—180 lbs., wants meaningful correspondence George E. Hakelm, No. 141-671, Box 5500, Challcothe, OH 45601.

CLEVELANO MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155, White, 6%", Novice, French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fets, heavy S&M, 8 O Box 017V

AKRON. MS. Gemini, 43. 611", 195, White, 6'4". Knowledgeable Into heavy B&O, light S&M. Would partner, No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L,

MS 27 6 165 bs swimmer Eager to play games, wiestle to be captured and bound spreading 6 suspension total 88 D. Box 21192 Correland OH 44121

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OK CITY S. 6.2", 32, 195, 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or purishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps, 8pg 1010K.

#### OREGON

PORTLAND 31, 5'5", 165 lbs., dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on, Send photo, address, angwer with tame. No overly fet, fems, takes, drugs or blacks, Box 6678.

W/M, 30, 6%", wants to correspond with and meet rounchy study. Into pits, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, emyl, jocks, oil, urnals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty fetter, Box 309A

#### PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA S. Virgo/Scorpio 42 5'7", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable Italian, stellion, muscula and harry, experienced to under tand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his feather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&O, W/S, chains, like and western feather toys. Send after of submission, with photo and phone, No bullshit, Box 052

KINGSTON, M. 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is ebsolutery willing to learn to please, Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine, Box 119

PHILADELPHIA M. Cancer, 40 6'2" 210 White, 7", Intermediate but learning fast, Masculine weight ifter with 48" chest, 34 wast wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S Box 023.

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PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49 5'10'h", 140, White, 8", Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50 8ox 052F

PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquaraus, 46, 5'9" 165. White, 7", Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into 58M, 8&D, W.S. oil, leather, levis, armyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter, Box 209

PITTSBURGH, M. 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in feather or levis, who understands submission and service, into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M, Box 83

#### RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, w/m, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving mester. Profess a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff, Willing to tearn, Box 164.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS 30.50 into S&M, B&D in a learner, evis uniforms and boots. Am Gri passive Fri active Cui Bridwei Box 1'43 Taylors SC 29687

#### TEXAS

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs, needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat; bli needed, Sirl I need to be shown my proper place in life, at your feet, worshipping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply Box 451.

Sons bre attractive mid 30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M only attractive, vertitue sincere need respond. Travelers bigay, vercome Your photo gets ours. Box 36243. Da as TX 75235.

OALLAS, Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat over 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hunky. Physo requested of you pissing. Will travel 80v 180

Dallasite desires initiation into S&M and 8&D, No heavy scenes. Box 8

HOUSTON, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., seeks raunchy action, w/s, scat, animals, sweat, dispers, etc., Travels, Box 77

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 that, T' uncut, German Aquarios is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 0590.

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SM IS preferred! 29, 5 6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, cleancut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful — but know when to pull back, respect limits, While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long, 80x 294V50

#### WASHINGTON

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#### WISCONSIN

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MANITOWOC, SM, Aquanus, 28 5 7", 150. White, 7", Novice, Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6", hipbody too involved in gay scene Box 062K.

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#### ENGLAND

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formed on save 27 6 and booted, our remainders to 40 into all scenes. I evel USA and Europe con stant. Please for water the your mestions will estract uns. Real than for treats to 124. Please needle overseas arms. I postage with top es to this adi.

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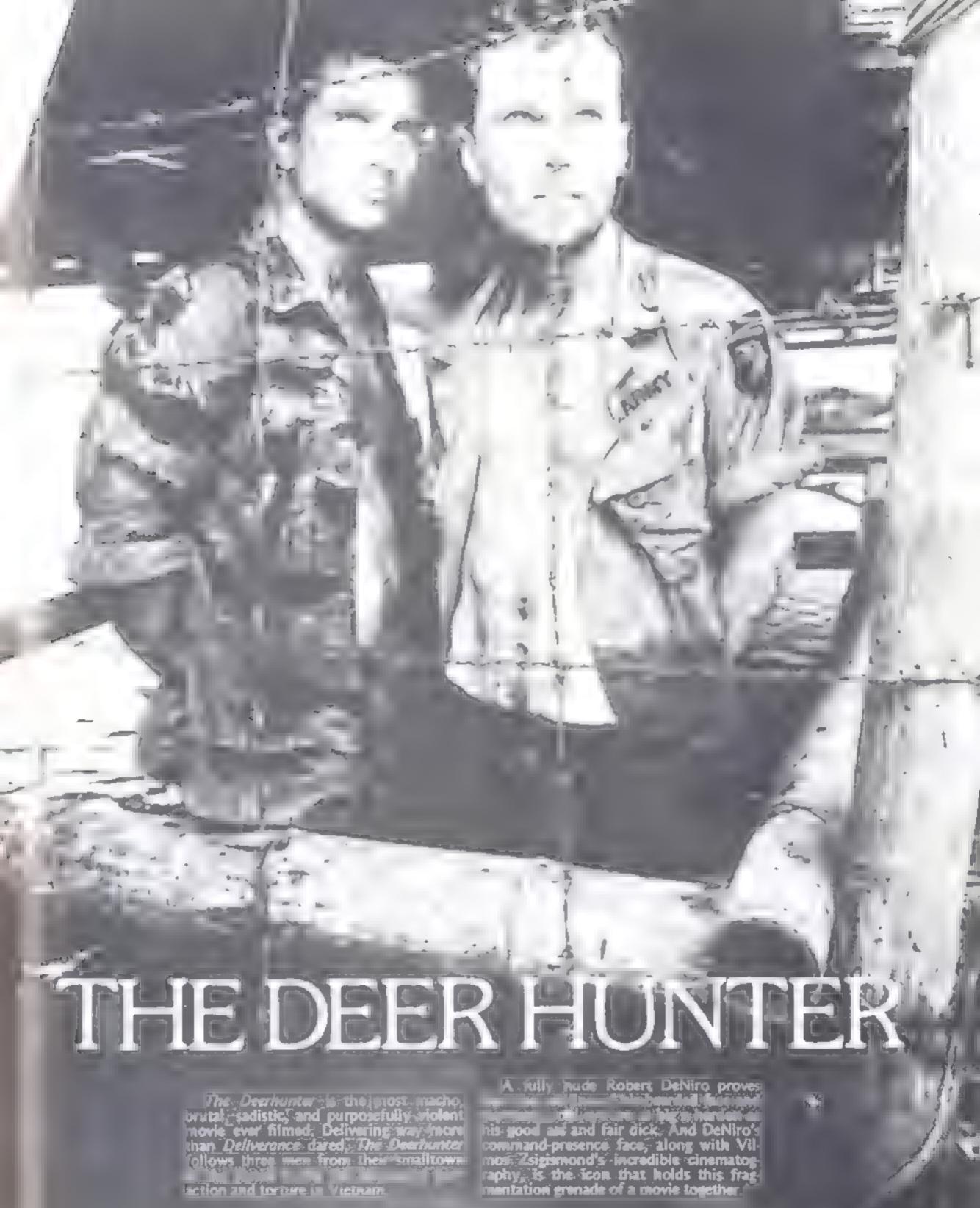
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POLAND

Young gay man, 24 would like to exchange correspondence with gay Americans Angelo Hoszonski, Wariszanska 15/6, 44-100 Gilivice, Porand.

DRUMBEATS CONTINUE ON PAGE 68



## DRUMMER views the Flicks

The Deer Hunter whose title sounds purposefully remarkent of lames Fentmilite Cooper with his macho herses slways moving in to new front ers unreels more like a silck IN miniseries than a light widescreen movie. Ine smailtown sequences are pure Robert Aliman The special of Samin Lennin Scenes are if the opicioual ty of David In Jan I can meeting David O Sezans for the Burning of Atlanta, in fact, the VA ros pital scenes in Ke the rainal nospital scene in Gone if the the it is seem the ant septic cold's play

the acting the directing, the onemategraphy are all splendid. The editing is effective but is debailed by the script that indulges itself in excessively long sequences (the wedding reception) and in unexplained coincidences and in poorty

developed character zations Why are these guys friends? Why do they hunt? Why the continual Russ an

Roalette' Why is one bullet pure and two builets pass, 2 Why do they keep cross he do not Jental paths in Nam? Why is the wedging reception, flat-out documentary without either sature or commentary? Why do things fall apart?

Stelle's mother, the SM NAZI Commandant Shirley Steller in Lina Wert mueller's Seson Beautes, directly asks this centra question perfore her son Stelle's wedding why do things fall apart" Even her Pennsylvania priest can't answer that one

The Deer Hunter displays men as men So tuck the heavy analysis, Get righteously inpoed and take each bit for what it is. Brawlers, boozers, bowlers: an array of incredible bioc-collar meat.

The Deer Hunter boasts the best crearsmokers any may e has ever featured as atmosphere actors in the wedling reception stomp

The Vietnam torture sequence of

Americans was so devastating to the viewers next to me that I suggested if they couldn't stop disturbing everybody with their puling and puking, if they couldn't handle it, they ought to fuck off and leave. They did. One wonders how they handled the reality of the war itself a mere four years agu-

Pigeons always come home to roost, and the Great Vietnam War Wivie Descent is now on us: The Boys in Company C: Go Tell the Spartons; and the best so tar: Nick Nolte, Michael Moriarity, and Tuesday Wold in the balibreaking Who'll Stop the Rain? If Nolte killed you as Tom dying in Rich Man, Poor Man, you ain't seen nothing till the final railroadtracks scene of Rain. Yet to come is the highly-touted, long-awaited Francis Ford Coppola's Apocalypse Now

All these movies seem like pieces that fit into the puzzle of whatever that war was and what that war did to us. Its grisly reality telecast live on the small screens of ABC/NBC/CBS was nothing compared to what this breed of new young filmmakers, now a bit distanced in time and space from the battles and the last falling days of Saigon, is careful,





DRUMMER 54

calculated, and conscientious enough to show us. Their widescreen Technicolor violence is purposeful, even in bloody close-up, to the end of exposing once and for all to our smallscreen eves what our hearts and minds have long known: that this war was the epitome of man's inhumanity to man; that nothing ever has been more American than America's un called-for involvement in shit hitting a fan that was never meant to be our concern, and certainly not our trauma.

The Deer Hunter is a long and serious meditation; its factory workers, soldiers, hunters, and may hom are quite suitable for DRUMMER men. Its three hours is so long, you should take your lunch. And may be, like the fools next to me, be prepared to lose it. Unlike them, don't leave, While The Deer Hunter somehow fails as a whole, its glorious parts make it totally worth your seeing the film the very night it premieres at a theater near or not-so-near you.

Besides, in the powerful, wordless opening of the truck-and-bar-and-billiards sequences, the group of deerhunters absently singing and getting off on the rukebox's period song, "Can't Take My Eyes off of You — I Love You, Baby," is as mesmerizing as their own hypnotized, unexplained involvement in the war itself.

And then there's that last, final, incredible, incomprehensible scene

You won't be able to take your eyes off The Deer Hunter

lack Fritscher



#### WHEN YOU CONNA END, RED RYDER?

Moving art from one medium to an other is always a dangerous thing. Something usually gets lost in the transition STAR WARS as movie-on-television will not be the same as STAR WARS as movie-in-theater. The finest poetry about an art object will never really duplicate the original work. An outstanding play does not mean an outstanding film. And so on.

Well, enough of these McLuhanisms. To the meat of this review: pot shots at WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER.

It's not a bad film; it's just not a good film. Because a story succeeds in one medium is no assurance of success in another. (Remember theory, paragraph one?)

An acclaimed play by Mark Medoff, the adapted-for-celluloid RYDER will not be the most incredible moment of your life as billboard gype would have us believe. RYDER is first a play; second, a film, and the transition from stage to film has been rough riding. Kind of makes you want to get off your horse and leave, the theater, that is.

It's 1968. We're in a small diner in New Mexico. A hippic guntoter is terrorizing a small contingency of diner drop-ins: a disgruntled teenager (Peter Firth), a chubby wa tress (Stephan e Faracy); a concert-violinist and her husband/manager (Lee Grant and Hal Linden); a crippled old man (Pat Hingle). Such disaster movie casting, lumped together in this contrived scenario, might have made it on a stage. But film's a different experience and we know the scene
is an artificial contrivance, one that just doesn't work.

Too often we're painfully aware that we are watching a play that's been filmed. Theater-acting is different from film acting because film and theater, as media, are different in the way they are created, experienced, and appreciated. Theater acting before a 35mm movie camera produces ludicrous footage. Moreover, theater-acting reminds the audience that just because it might have been a great play is no guarantee that it will be a great film, record, TV series, or even comic book.

Understandably, RYDER's settings do not change considerably. The camera has been given carte blanche to move freely. The result: some very interesting, evocative, and creative camera movement. The problem: sometimes enough is enough.

A fluid camera is not an end in itself. When we are more conscious of what the camera is doing, than what the camera is seeing, then something's wrong. Unfortunately, something's wrong a lot in RYDER.

More pot shots. The film needs 30-45 minutes cut from it. Like his camera movement, director Milton Katselas also doesn't know when to stop. When hippie

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





JAY. illustrator/cartoonist . . . creator of "HARRY CHESS\*, the world's first gay cartoon strip, now appearing in DRUM-MER, announces the publication of "RAW MEAT". This limited edition portions of six solo drawings is beautifully detailed and printed on 8-1/2 x 11" quality stock. Very suitable for framing. If you are into big guys with big pecs, big nipples, and big equipment — this hot set of drawings is for you! A definite must for collectors, connoisseurs and erotic fantasizeurs!

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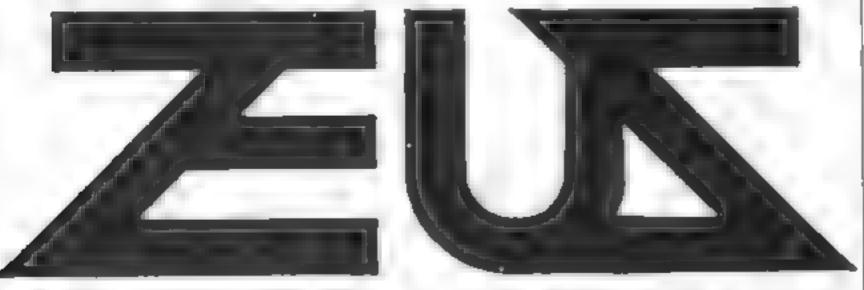
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#### RED RIDER

terrorist, accompanied by a woman (played by Candy Clark), arrive at the U.S.-Mexican border and announces that he is importing two bottles of rum and a good stash of cocaine into the U.S., our hope is that the guard will wave them and their joke onto the next scene, thereby sparing them and us. Instead the film diverges to dwell on the search, with special emphasis given to the doctor's n easure-invest cation up Marioe's asshole for that stash of coacine, (Note: if you get off watching doctors stick medical implements up men's asses, then perhaps, you too, wouldn't have cut this scene )

Marjoe's datribes against his diner hostages are silly and exaggerated, out of place in film even though they might have worked on stage. Then there's a bedroom scene where we linger much too long while concert violinist and husband work at their "Thrill is Gone" sex life. Cut, cut,

cut Enough is enough

But enough, too, of these pot shots, even though Ryder deserves them. As an artistic whole, RYDER fails, But that failure is no reason to shun the film entirery. The film has its saving moments, as well as its saving acting. As the chubby waitress from Nowheresville, New Mexico, Stehpanie Faracy is worth the price of admission. She brings subtlety and expression to a role that could have easily been pure stereotype. She is the tragiccomic figure of the film, evoking a smile and a tear at the same time. As the other teenager, Peter Firth, is excellent. The remainder of the cast, including star and former evangelist Marjoe, is usually tolerable, sometimes annoying, and occcasionally downright bad.

A few scenes, however, will dwell in your memory and be difficult to remove. For instance: Ryder's mother is getting old Makeup can no longer salvage her wrinkled skin. In the evenings she cruises the local pickup bar. It's a sad scene: her desperate looks for love, her hopeful anticipation of hooking a handsome man, 10 years younger, and her final success. Here Katselas does some sensitive directing, leaving us with a taste of emptiness and unfulfillment even after she scores a warm body for the evening. Reminds you a bit of your local gay bar.

There's a point in RYDER where hippie Marioe makes his hostages act out a sick scenario he has devised. This maniac is malignant and cruel and delights in reminding his diner guests about the personal ugliness each has tried to forget in his life. No punches held here,

No soft blows.

You would expect the violence of the film to bother you, irritate you, devastate you. It doesn't. Reason: the director is out of pace. The tempo's wrong and he's not moving right. He doesn't know when to start, and certainly never knows when to stop. Moments that begin to look good on the screen collapse into contrivance as he drags them on. You will yawn at what was intended to be violence and possibly pack up and send off a pair of scissors to the director for his next film, if there is one.

... J. Trojanski



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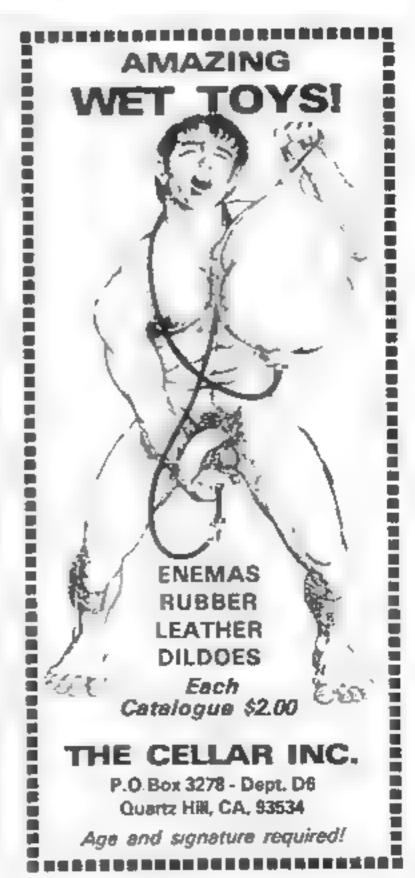
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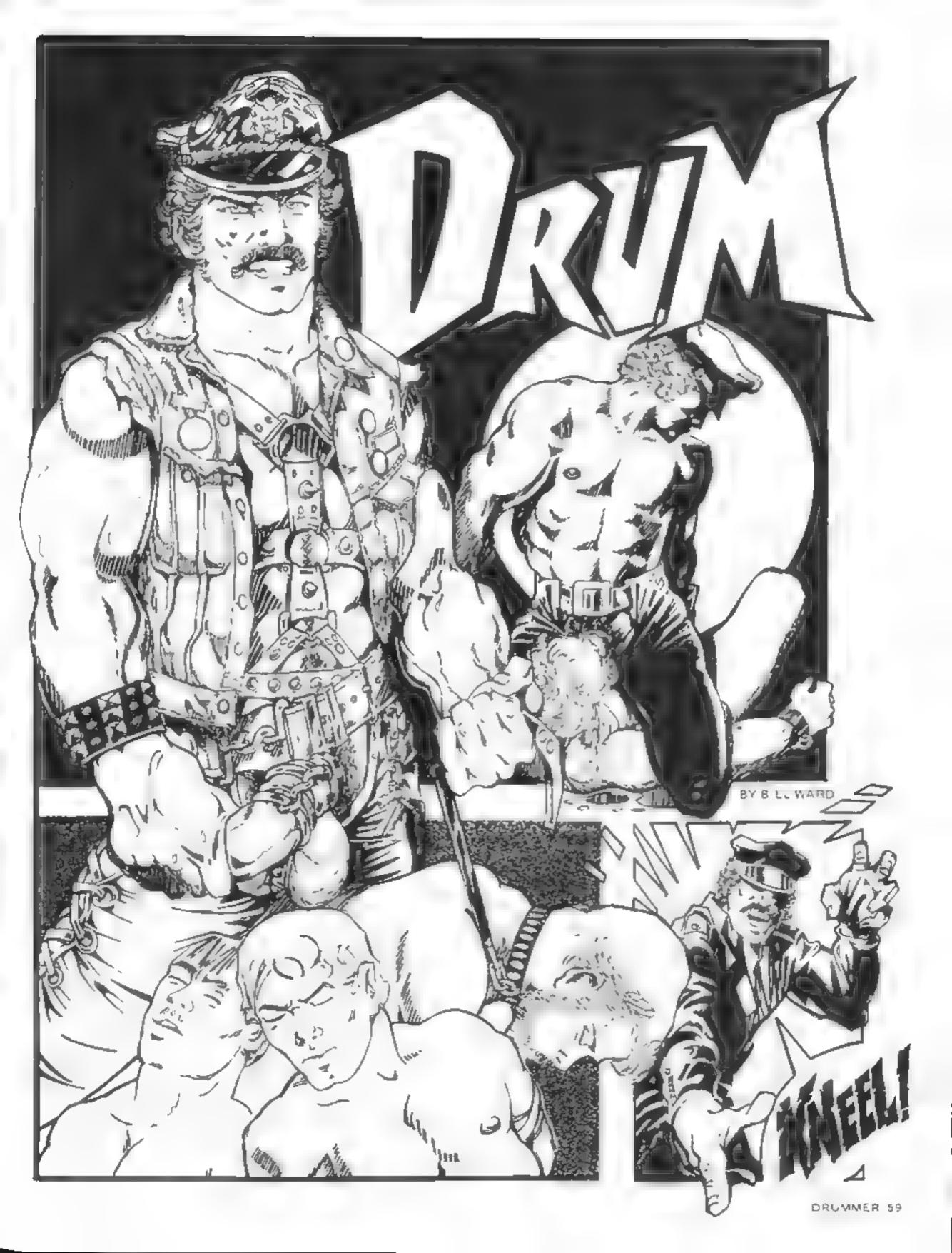
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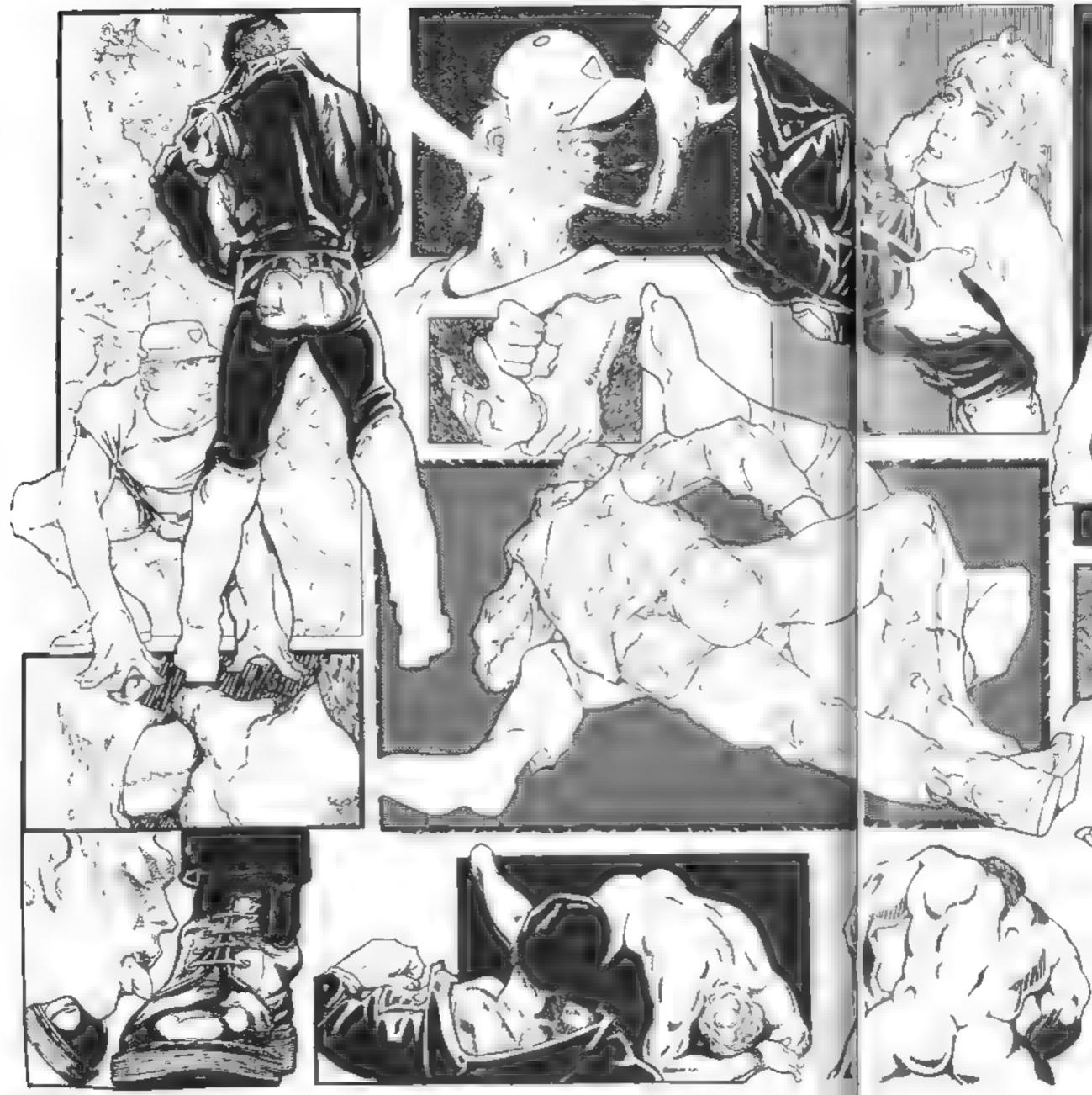
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DRIJMMER 60



# SEDUGAR SHIFT



#### STOP THE CAMERAS!

NEW YORK — Customer complaints have prodded Saks Fifth Avenue into removing part of a sensuous window display for the Fernando Sanchez lingerie line.

The display in question featured a mannequin in red with black leopard sput nightwear and black fishnet stockings. What was termed offensive, however, and promptly removed, was a background film featuring the model the mannequin was sculpted from.

The film showed the model in the Sanchez outfit on a motorcycle with a man dressed in leather. Other shots included those of their feet and knees for the supposed purpose of focusing on cowboy boots.

But the Hell's Angels ultramilitaristic look of the men's crothes combined with the lean and mean look on the male's face, made some customers question what Saks was hinting at: Fashion or sado-maso-chism?

Of course, it was fashion. Designer Sanchez is well known for his sensual lingerie while men's fashlons emanating from Paris by the likes of Claude Montana are known for the eathery punk rock roots, according to Robert Benzio, vp-corporate visual director of merchandise presentation at Saks.

"Unfortunately some of our more sedate public found this offensive," noted Mr. Benzio, who added that the display drew tremendous crowds.

Not all who stopped at Saks or called the store, however, were disturbed by the fashion message.

Mr. Benzio, who thought the audio-visual was done tastefully and in keeping with what Mr Sanchez seils, said that the younger "public and the men loved it."

The film was shot, he said, in slow motion with the female model's hair swinging around. "It was very sensual, not at all hard core. But after talking it over with our president, Robert Suslow, we decided to remove it rather than to distress anyone."

Advertising Age

#### **FUZZY, WAS HEZ**

MIAMI — A 33-year-old Miami fireman has been assigned a desk job because he won't part with the thick patch of hair on his chest.

All firemen on active duty are required to undergo a stress test, but Jerry Saslaw refused when he learned his chest would have to be shaved

Taking the test would have meant parting with eight small circles of hair, so they would not interfere with EKG machine wires connected to the skin.

Saslaw said he had decided to go along with the department rule requiring the stress test, but that was before he met a 27-year old stewar dess who is quite fond of the hair on his chest.

"She told me, 'Your chest really turns me on. I've never dated a man with a hairy chest before," " Sastaw said.

That was the clincher for the firefighter who has been recommended for a commendation for his "brave and tenacrous attack" during a fire aboard a freighter.

"How could I shave my chest after that? I really I ke her," he said, "I've had hair on my chest since I was 14 I only recently found out that hairy chests were a turn-on to women,"

But they are not a turn-on for the Fire Department,

Despite Saslaw's claims that he is in perfect physical shape, runs 20 miles a week, bench presses 300 pounds and can even "catch a speeding bullet in my teeth," Deputy Fire Chief Ed Profit gave the order to transfer him to a desk job.

"We'll miss him, but he cannot be different than 600 other men," Profi said. "He's the only man who refused to take the stress test."

Saslaw is expected to present his case to the firemen's union March I.

- United Press



JERRY SASLAW

#### I BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN I FOUND A KOTEX IN HIS SHAV-ING KIT

MEMPHIS, TENN. — A teenage girl is suing for annulment of her marriage because her "husband" turned out to be a woman.

The Chancery Court suit filed by the 17 year-old girl last week charges that she was deceived by her 19 year-old "husband" and asks that the marriage be voided

A Memphis in nister who counseled the couple for ten hours before marrying them in an elaborate church ceremony last year said the discovery came as a complete shock

'I'm a certified sex therapist," said the minister who asked that his name be withheld "I'm not that easily fooled." But he said the bridegroom who was "nearly a twin of David Cassidy," a teenage movie idol — looked and acted like a man.

After the wedding, the girl said her "husband" told her that he was deformed because of a football injury and refused to undress in front of her, the minister said

About four months after the marriage, the girl began having second thoughts when she heard her husband's parents refer to him by a girl's name when she was out of the room, the minister said.

United Press



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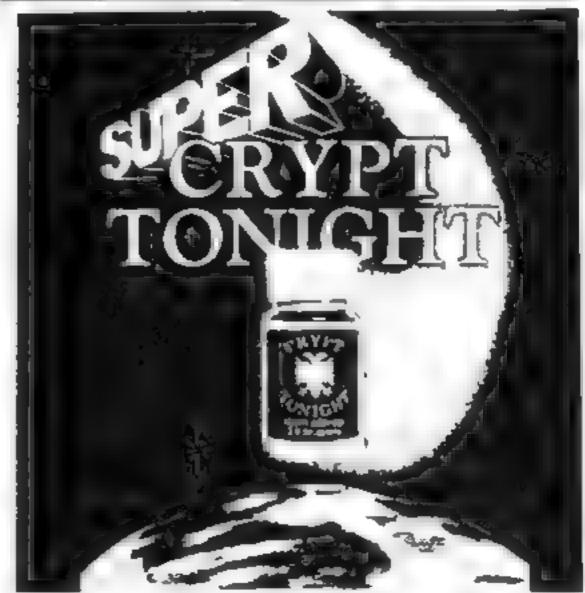
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If anything in DRUMMER is out of the closet, certainly it's our TOUGH CUSTOMERS section, IF YA DO IT, BE PROUD OF IT! This is almost the Eighties, donchs know!

So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters ento an envelope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 1730 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

If youse guys wanna get some hot replies from our horny, raunchy readers include your full mailing address. If you're not into raunchy mail 'n' males, indicate that youse DON'T wanna have your address printed

Editor

ED NEW JERSEY





Here is the photo and if you want to put a caption you can use HOT HORNY AND HUNG, Also if you want you can use my address if anyone is interested in getting in contact with me. Box 410, 166 West 21st Street, New York, NY 10011.

ARTIE HABER







Above: Here is my picture. You may publish it if you wish, I am 30 years old, I am a slave and I would love to meet a master who would take me to the night club, "The Catacombs," when I visit San Francisco.

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#### MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

#### HOWTHEFUCKAREYOUTODAY?

First of all, many thanks for your Xmas card. Nice, indeed, Enclosed find cheque for year's subscription of your fantastic Drummer and Alternate.

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LUVPEASEX Matthew and Buddy of quiet/dull Glendale

#### **HUNTER**

I became aware of my cock, and what its use was at an early age. Since then I have fantasized about my domination by a great and powerful master. Before I had read anything on the subject, I would put myself to sleep, dreaming that my worth less self was able to serve a master in every way. I dreampt of my total submission to my master. I would beg my master to allow me to lick and suck his boots, to drink his piss, to have my worthless ass whipped and beaten, I dreampt of the painful and cruel tortures my master would inflict on me.

My fantasy world varied each night. One night I would be slave to a great Egyptian King. Among my duties were to service his staff of 100 body guards, daily, I was the worthless toilet for my king. At other times I would be slave to a Roman Legion, or a football team, a Marine barracks. Each time by diet would consist of cum washed down with hot piss, and a side dish of steaming shit. My masters beat and mistreated me. I was no more than a worthless piece of shit to my masters, many times I was beaten and whipped and tortured until I was no longer of value as a slave, then I would be fed to the dogs, or the lions or other

Each night of my early childhood I fell asleep, dreaming, and with a hard dock. And each morning I woke with a hard cock. In my fantasy world, the worthless Isave that I was did not deserve to have any pleasure. As I grew older, I became concerned about my fantasy world, I was not Irving in reality. I began to forbid myself to think of such thoughts. I was frightened, I was abnormal, I was, in fact a worthless piece of shit. After some time I forgot most of my fantasy world, but my sex life was to be ever more affected.

In the ensuing years, I even refused to admit to myself that I was gay. I once even tried to prove my "masculinity" by fucking a chick. But when the time came I was not only unable to perform, I was unable to get a hard. Since that time I have come to the realization that my feeling and desires were a part of me, and I could not change that.

it was just a short time ago that i came across your wonderful magazine. I can see that my desires are no different than those of others. But your magazine has also created a problem for me. I am reverting to my childhood fantasies, and

I realize now what a worthless piece of shit I really am. Oh, how I long to lick and suck the boots of the superior men in your magazine. But I am a nothing, I am not even worthy to lick the shit from their asses.

I am now twenty-two years old, in my fifth year of college, ready to graduate and join the real world. What I truely long for is a master. But physically I could never please a master, I am tall and slim (6'3", 160), and my structure is very boney. I have been trying to work out on weights and run and exercise to get into shape to be worthy of a master. But the more I work the less I seem to be worthy, and I start to dream of the other

men in the weight room.

I long to have a strong, yet soft, master. I long to have my virgin ass beat raw, and then have my master's hot cock rip my insides. I long to suck the sweet sweat from my master's ass and feet. My mouth waters at the thought of its first chance to lick and suck my master's cock, of my master shooting his cum deep in my mouth, and then pissing in my face. How i wish, how I dream, how I long to serve my master. But I fear I will never be worthy. I am just a worthless piece of shit, no master would want me.

There are times I consider wasting myself, but I'm too fuckin' worthless to kill myself. But my punishment for my worthlessness is the pent up desires, the blue balls I suffer constantly, the longing, the dreaming all without hope. I will still read your magazine, to be sure I am aware of how worthless I am.

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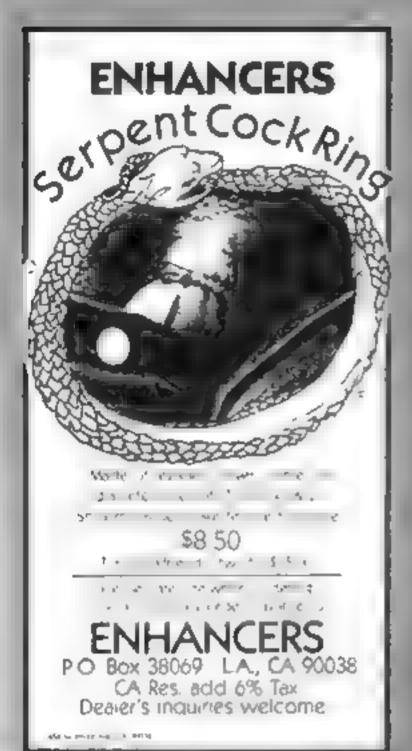


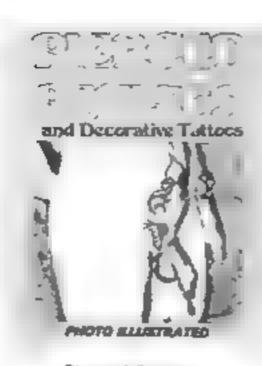
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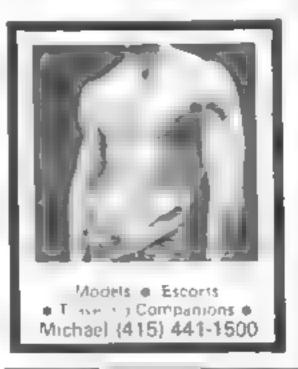
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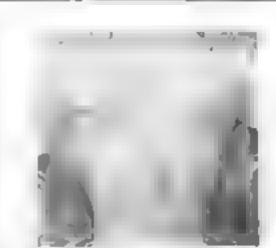
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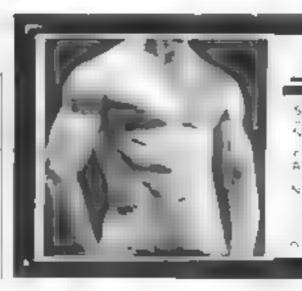
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The heavy metal shutter clashes down at nine o'clock every night. The noise reverberates through the middle class residential neighborhood where uplown couples sit watching television, oblivious to the crashing sound, not knowing that it tells the rest of the West Side that it's time: Half Breed is happening.

The shutter blocks the views of the well dressed professionals. It keeps them from seeing inside, to the dark and masculine bar. The symbol on the metal, the HB in a circle, lets the traveler from Chelsea, the pilgrim from the East Village, the visitor from out of town know that this is the place. The mark of Half Breed draws them in and keeps them.

And you're here for the first time Right at nine o'clock, Waiting for Half Breed to start, You suck on the beer, nervous. You're not used to these bars: dark stained wood, men in leather and levis, cans of crisco. You're not sure you should be here; you're not sure if you're ready for a place like this.

But, now, you're watching the first his mouth ritual. The one that starts the night off right at nine! You're standing with the others watching the bartender, Every night he comes in, maybe the most beautiful man in the city, you think, You've heard about this; you've heard about his entrance and the men that stand around the bar waiting for him. The beautiful body with ridges of muscle so sharp they take away your breath. The light covering of hair showing out the top of his shirt. The cowboy hat, And you're hooked right off, you walk into the bar and the first time you see him, you fall for it. And you stand there just like the rest of them, watching as he shucks his coat and takes out the ice cream. How can a bartender eating ice cream turn you on? Or the rest of them? The others who stand around every night in a leather/levi bar and watch his tongue come out and slurp up the cold cum-like custard.

There's a coating on his tongue as it ashes out and whips the cream up into

The man is gorgeous. His presence is makking you sweat. You feel like a fool getting all hot and bothered about a bartender: it's only nine; but you wonder about him. You wonder about the kind of man he really is. What kind of man stands there and shows off his cock and ass that way, every night? What kind of man makes eating ice cream look like a pagan rite? What kind of man - and suddenly you notice it for the first time - the wide belt of leather stretched across his chest, parting the dark black hair of this almost perfect body - and you really do wonder - what kind of man wears leather against his skin? Not just for show, but to feel it tightly wrapped around his own body? What kind of man are you, going to meet at Half Breed?

You look around, trying to keep from getting too obvious about watching him, Your eyes take in the whole place. It's larger than the other gay bars on the West Side, There's more room; even when it gets crowded, you know you'll be able to walk around and move easily. You're glad for that, Glad you'll be able to maneuver in case they start anything you can't handle. You're worried about that. what they might start, You've heard about the party; the one everyone tasked about for weeks afterwards. You heard what happened to that guy. How they brought him up here to Half Breed, him and his black Master; and ned him up on a stage. How they actually did it to him. they took that red hot from and touched it right to his naked flesh. What have you gotten yourself into? Coming to a bar that lets people be branded

But, that's really why you are here isn't it? Wasn't the story about the Branding Party what finally made you show up; come here looking for a place where you could find a real man? Not some disco fairy; but one who knew what to do with you and your fantasies? Isn't that why you showed up at Hall Breed? Isn't that why you're standing here sweating up a storm, trying to avoid the eyes of a bartender who would wrap his body in cold black leather?

You can't help but wonder what it would be like, can you? What would it be like to be bound and gagged in front of all these men, standing around? What would it feel like to have some chony slavemaster leave a brand on you? You get hard. You try to think of other things.

The bar is deceptive in some ways, It's different than the leather bars downtown: more western and levi; leather, for sure, but more cowboys than anywhere else you've been. Like that bartender with his big, out-sized straw hat perched on top of the leather swathed chest, And, while you certainly do know that there's a sense of danger here; a sense of heavy mascutinity that you can't deny, the feeling is friendly in its own way. This place is more like a bar in California than one in New York, People talk more, there are more men here who know on. another than they do in the Village places you've been

But, you're here waiting - for what? You can't deal with a branding fron, you know that, but what are you looking that way

for in a place like Half-Breed? What is the promise that brings you here?

You're here because of that back room, why don't you admit it? You know all about it. The downstairs back room that people talk about almost as much as the Branding Party, You've tried them a few times, haven't you? But not in a place like this, not somewhere that flannel shirted men strut around waiting for someone like you

You try to get your mind off it again You look around some more, You as most can't believe what a neighborhood number the bar does: parties twice is minth: a restaurant open with hight You smile at the idea of people act any cating food here; you know that's not what you're interested in eating don't

Pleasant place. You make a mistake You relax, just a neighborhood bar, But you should have known better. You should have known that you can't relax in a place like Half Breed. He catches you off guard, You weren't looking for a stare like that, But there it is. There's the other bartender, bigger, just as muscled, but taller than the first one. The expression has no innocence to cut its hard edge. The stare is no warm welcome, You can actually feel his eyes sizing you up. Seeing your half hard cock filling up your crotch.

His expression doesn't leave your body for a long time. In one flash one man has taken you to the pit of your fantasies and fears like no one has been able to do in months. How did he do that? How did he make you feel like you were owned by him? Not a free soul, but a body enthralled, aready, wordlessly, to his passion

You shouldn't have come here. You're not ready for Half Breed, you think

But, isn't it too late?

You stand around for a long time. You try to focus on other people, but even standing huddled in a corner, even while he opens beers and mixes drinks for all the other customers, that heavy man's eyes keep you in your place. You watch the others going down the stairs and you know the backroom is waiting for you You want to go down there, but you don't dare. Not with him watching you

And finally, it's time. He comes around to the front of the bar with a beer can in his hand, He's stil keeping you in his gaze. Why won't he smile? Why does he keep everything so tense? Then he turns and goes to the back of the bar and follows the sign down the stairway And you know you're supposed to follow him. You know that's why you came to Hall Breed

And you do. The grip of fear closes in on your stomach. Wondering it you're ready for this place. Wondering what's going to happen. Down the stairs you go. The room is much larger than you would have expected. Cleaner, cooler. There are plenty of men down here, but like upstairs they have space to maneuver in. There are a couple small rooms off the john. You're glad he's not in one of those dark cubby holes - or you think you are,

You go into the largest room, and he's there, with his arms crossed on his chest, Piece are others waiking around, trying to get close to him, but you know he's waiting for you, And it's time. Time to do what you've wanted for years but never had courage to do. Time to go over

to this man's man and -

You fall on your knees in front of him. You don't even touch him. You sust stay there and wait. Then he undoes the buttons on his fly and takes out his thick meat and leaves it half hard there in front of you, "Suck it," You've been waiting for this. Waiting for this feeling of taking that man's cock in your mouth and sliding your face up and down the shaft. Waiting for those rough hands to come down and open your shirt, pull up your shirt and start tugging on those underused tits of yours. Waiting for some man to start shoving this way, almost making you gag on the size and length. Waiting for those growled orders to take more, to hurry, to swallow, to worship

And he does it. He shoots that manload right down your throat, you suck greedily, taking in the salty figuid. He's still tugging on your nipples; they're getting sore now. You don't care, your own prick is pushing out of your pants, you beat it, listening to him tell you what you are, who you are, what you're going to do for him. That's right, boy, slave, asshole, cocksucker, asswipe, all those things and more, toilet, piece of

And you're done. Your cum is spread over the floor, and he tells you to be there during his next break. Two more hours. He's not done with you yet. And you're hot. You're so hot you could pass out. But, he's left you there, on your knees in the backroom and gone up the stairs to work. A pair of leather coated legs are coming your way. You're going to get more. Another taste of cock ramming down your throat. And you're going to be there when your man returns in two hours.

You'll be there waiting for him and whatever he has to give you.

Face it, boy, you've got the mark of Haif Breed all over you now - they're not going to have to brand you, it's written all over your face

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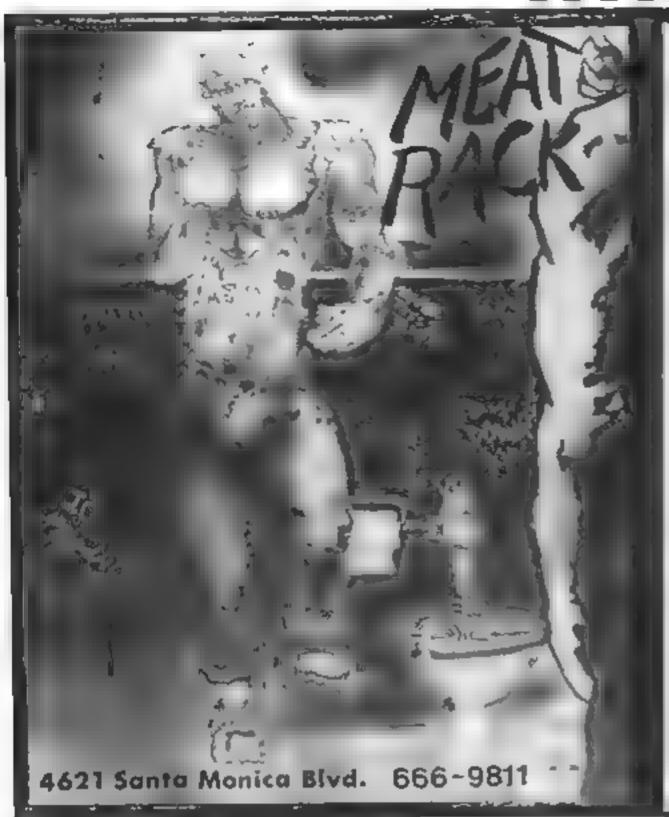
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Steamworks (baths)	KEY WEST	Chaps 25 Huntington Ave
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SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr	MJAMI 200 Suk Sub Su	Shed
SAN DIEGO BEE JAYS	Clubhouse (baths) 299 S W 8th St Double 'R Ranch	PROVINCETOWN
Fourth Ave. Club (baths) 3955 4di Ave	Mineshaft . 112 E. Miami Ave.	Atlantic House Hoter Bar Masonic Alley
THE HOLE 282f Lytton	Pirates Den (baths' 16051 Coilins Ave	The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse)
The Hut 2581 University Ave	ORLANDO	164 Commercial St.
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Vidnight Sun 506 Castro	GOLD COAST 501 No. Clark St.	NEBRASKA
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The Slot (baths) 979 Folsom St	Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln	NEWADA
Sutro Bathhouse (bisexual) 1015 Folsom	Man's World North Ibaths)	NEVADA
THE TRENCH (uniform bar) 164 8th St 21st Street Baths 3244 21st St	Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N Lincoln	Las Vegas Spa (baths) , 1130 S. Cas no Ctr. B.
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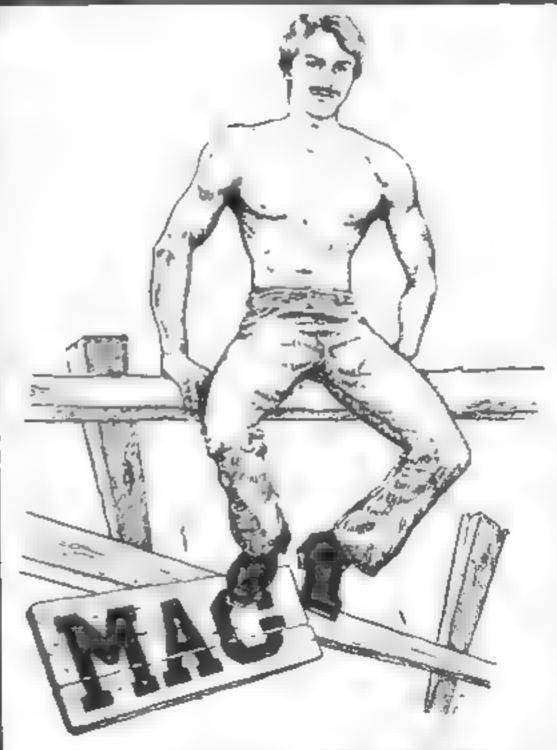
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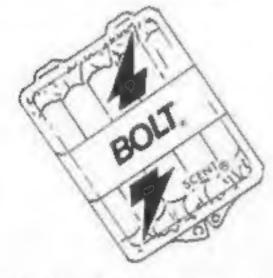
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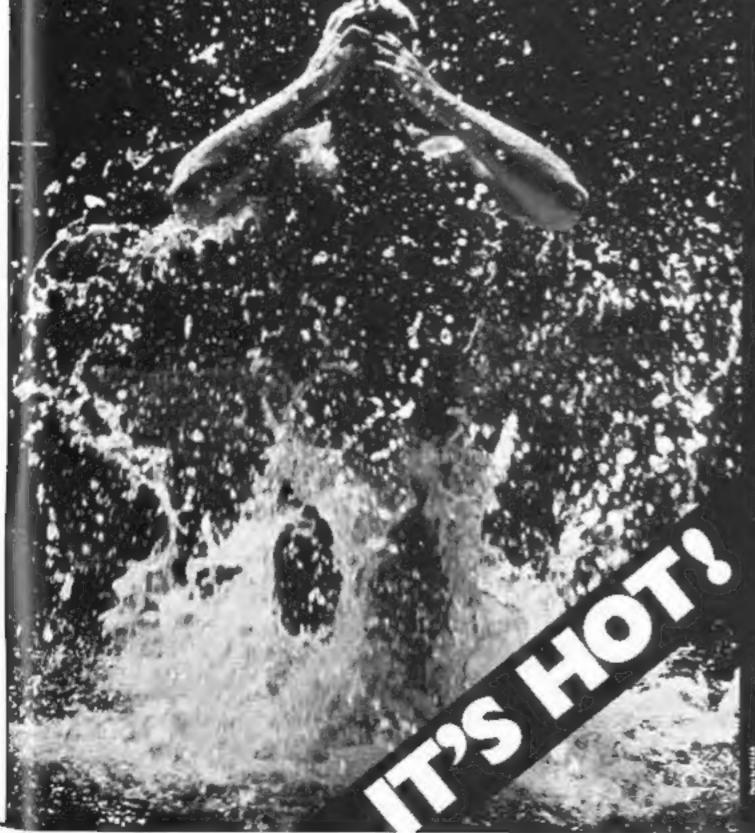
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